

T H E  
T R A G I C A L L   H Y S T O R Y  
O F  
R O M E U S   A N D   J U L I E T :

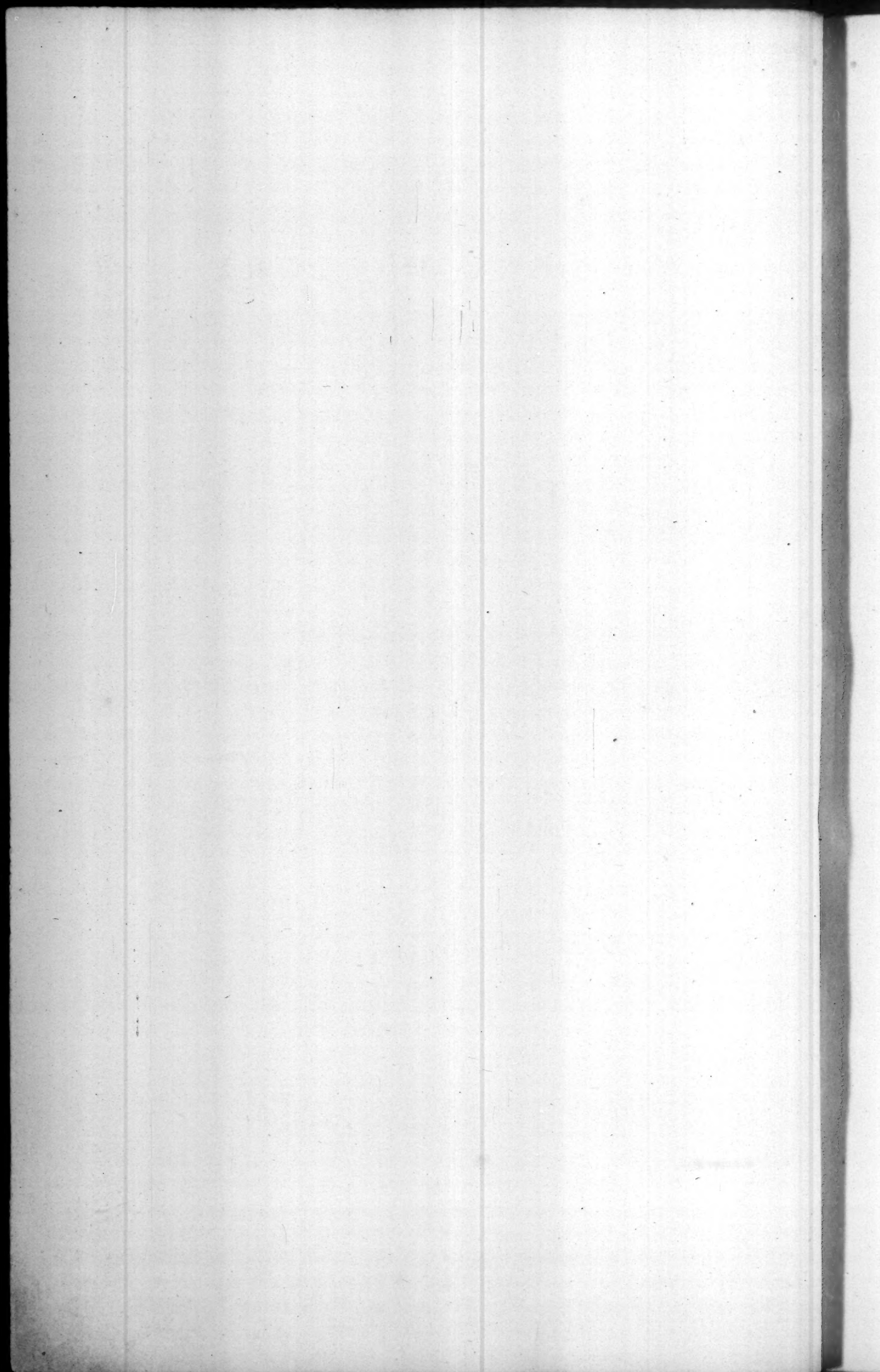
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A Rare EXAMPLE of true CONSTANCIE;

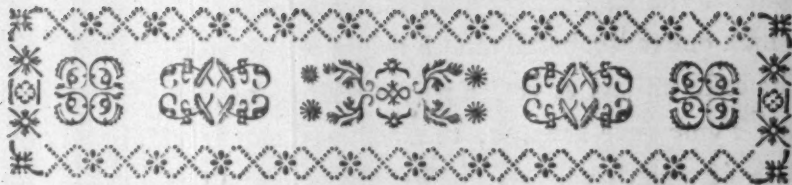
W I T H   T H E

Subtill COUNSELS and PRACTISES of an old FRYER,  
and their ill Event.

*Res est solliciti plena timoris amor.*







T O

T H E R E A D E R.

Amid the desert rocks the mountaine beare  
Bringes forth unformd, unlyke herselfe, her yonge,  
Nought els but lumpes of fleshe, withouten heare;  
In tract of time, her often lycking tong  
Geves them such shape, as doth, ere long, delight  
The lookers on; or, when one dogge doth shake  
With moosled mouth the joyntes too weake to fight,  
Or, when upright he standeth by his stake,  
(A noble creast!) or wylde in savage wood  
A dosyn dogges one holdeth at a baye,  
With gaping mouth and stayned jawes with blood;  
Or els, when from the farthest heavens, they  
The lode starres are, the wery pilates marke,  
In stormes to gyde to haven the tossed barke; —

Right so my muse  
Hath now, at length, with travell long, brought forth  
Her tender whelpes, her divers kindes of style,  
Such as they are, or nought, or little woorth,  
Which carefull travell and a longer whyle

## TO THE READER.

May better shape. The eldest of them loe  
I offer to the stake; my youthfull woorke,  
Which one reprochefull mouth might overthrowe:  
The rest, unlickt as yet, a while shall lurke,  
Tyll Tyme geve strength, to meete and match in fight  
With Slaunder's whelpes. Then shall they tell of stryfe,  
Of noble trymphe, and deedes of martial might;  
And shall geve rules of chaste and honest lyfe.  
The while, I pray, that ye with favour blame,  
Or rather not reprove the laughing game  
Of this my muse.

### THE ARGUMENT.

Love hath inflamed twayne by sodayn fight,  
And both do graunt the thing that both desyre;  
They wed in shrift, by counsell of a frier;  
Yong Romeus clymes fayre Juliet's bower by night.  
Three monthes he doth enjoy his cheefe delight:  
By Tybalt's rage provoked unto yre,  
He payeth death to Tybalt for his hyre.  
A banisht man, he scapes by secret flight:  
New mariage is offred to his wyfe;  
She drinks a drinke that seemes to reve her breath;  
They bury her, that sleping yet hath lyfe.  
Her husband heares the tydinges of her death  
He drinks his bane; and she, with Romeus' knyfe,  
When she awakes, herselfe, alas! she sleath.



## ROMEUS AND JULIET\*.

There is beyond the Alps a towne of ancient fame,  
Where bright renoune yet shineth cleare, Verona men it name;  
Bylt in an happy time, bylt on a fertile soyle,  
Maynteined by the heavenly fates, and by the townish toyle.  
The fruitefull hilles above, the pleasant vales belowe,  
The silver streame with chanel depe, that through the towne doth  
flow;

The

\* The original relater of this story was Luigi da Porto, a gentleman of Vicenza, who died in 1529. His novel did not appear till some years after his death; being first printed at Venice, in octavo, in 1535, under the title of *La Giulietta*. A second edition was published in 1539. And it was again reprinted at the same place in 1553, (without the author's name) with the following title: *Historia nuouamente ritrovata di due nobili Amanti, con la loro pietosa morte; intervenuta gia nella Citta di Verona, nell tempo del Signor Bartolomeo dalla Scala. Nuouamente Stampata*—There are some variations in the editions. In an epistle prefixed to this work, which is addressed *Alla bellissima e leggiadra Madonna Lucina Savorgnana*, the author gives the following account of the manner in which he became acquainted with this story:

“ Siccome voi stessa vedeste, mentre il cielo verso me in tutto ogni suo sdegno rivolto non ebbe, nel bel principio di mia giovanezza al mestier dell'arme mi diedi, e in quella molti grandi et valorosi uomini seguendo, nella dilettevole vostra patria del Frioli alcun anno mi esercitai; per la quale, secondo i casi, quando privatamente or quinci or quindi servendo, m'era bisogno di andare. Aveva io per continuo uso cavalcando di menar meco uno mio arciero, uomo di forse cinquanta anni, pratico nell' arte e piacevolissimo, e come quasi tutti que' di Verona (ov' egli nacque) sono, parlante molto, et chiamato Peregrino. Questi oltra che animoso et esperto soldate fusse, leggiadro & forse più di quello che agli anni suoi si faria convenuto, innamorato sempre si ritrovava, il che al suo valore doppio valore aggiugneva: onde le più belle novelle & con miglior ordine e grazia si dilettaua di raccontare; e massimamente quelle che di amore parlavano, che alcun altro, ch' io udisi giammai. Per la qual cosa partendo io da Gradisca, ove in alloggiamenti mi stava, & con costui e due altri miei, forse d' amore sospinto, verso Udine venendo; la quale strada molto solinga, e tutta per la guerra arsa e distrutta in quel tempo era, e molto dal pensiero soppresso e lontano dagli altri venendomi, accostatomi il detto Peregrino, come quello che i miei pensieri indovinava, così mi disse: Volete voi sempre in trista vita vivere, perchè una bella crudele, altramente mostrando, poco vi ami? E benchè contro a me stesso dica, pure perchè meglio si danno, che non si ritengono, i consigli, vi dirò,  
Patron

## R O M E U S   A N D   J U L I E T .

7

The store of springes that serve for use, and eke for ease,  
And other moe commodities, which profit may and please;  
Eke many certayne signes of thinges betyde of olde,  
To fyll the houngrы eyes of those that curiously beholde;  
Doe make this towne to be be preferde above the rest  
Of Lombard townes, or, at the least, compared with the best.  
In which whyle Escalus as prince alone did raygne,  
To reache rewarde unto the good, to paye the lewde with payne,  
Alas ! I rewe to thinke, an heavy hadde befell,  
Which Boccace skant, not my rude tonge, were able forth to  
tell.

Within my trembling hande my penne doth shake for feare,  
And, on my colde amazed head, upright doth stand my heare.  
But sith thee doeth commaunde, whose heft I must obeye,  
In moorning verse a woful chaunce to tell I will assaye.  
Helpe learned Pallas, helpe ye Muses with your art,  
Help all ye damned feends, to tell of joyes retourn'd to smart :  
Help eke, ye sisters three, my skillese pen tindyte,  
For you it caus'd which I alas ! unable am to wryte.

There were two auncient stocks, which Fortune hygh did place  
Above the rest, indewd with welth, and nobler of their race ;  
Lov'd of the common forte, lov'd of the prince alike,  
And lyke unhappy were they both, when Fortune list to stryke ;  
Whose prayse with equal blast Fame in her trumpet blew ;  
The one was clyped Capelet, and thother Mountague.  
A wonted use it is, that men of likely forte,  
(I wot not by what furye fors'd) envye eache others porte.  
So these, whose egall state bred envye pale of hew,  
And then of grudging envie's roote blacke hate and rancor grew ;  
As of a littel sparke oft ryseth mighty fyre,  
So, of a kyndled sparke of grudge, in flames flash oute their eyre :  
And then theyr deadly foode, first hatch'd of trifling stryfe,  
Did bathe in blood of smarting woundes,—it reveld breth and lyfe.  
No legend lye I tell ; scarce yet theyr eyes be drye,  
That did behold the grisly fight with wet and weeping eye.  
But when the prudent prince who there the scepter helde,  
So great a new disorder in his commonweale behelde,  
By jentyl meane he fought their choler to asswage,  
And by perswasion to appease their blameful furious rage ;

Patron mio, che oltra che a voi nell' esercizio, che siete, lo star molto nella prigion d' amore si disdica ; sì tristi son quasi tutti i fini, a' quali egli ci conduce, ch' è uno pericolo il seguirlo : E in testimonianza di ciò, quando a voi piacesse, potre' io una novella nella mia città avvenuta, che la strada men solitaria, e men rincrescevole ci faria, raccontarvi ; nella quale sentireste come due nobili amanti a misera e piatosa morte guidati fossero. E già avendo io fatto segno di udirlo volontieri, egli così cominciò."

A 4

But

人



But both his woords and tyme the prince hath spent in vayne  
 So rootéd was the inward hate, he lost his buyfsy payne.  
 When frendly sage advise ne gentyll woords avayle;  
 By thondring threats and princely powre their courage gan he  
 quayle;

In hope that when he had the wasting flame supprest,  
 In time he should quyte quench the sparke that boornd within  
 their brest.

Now whylst these kyndreds do remayne in this estate,  
 And eche with outward frendly shew doth hyde his inward hate,  
 One Romeus, who was of race a Mountague,  
 Upon whose tender chyn as yet no manlyke beard there grewe,  
 Whose beauty and whose shape so farre the rest dyd stayne,  
 That from the cheef of Veron youth he greatest fame dyd gayne,  
 Hath founde a mayde so fayre (he founde so foule his happe)  
 Whose beauty, shape, and comely grace, did so his heart entrappe,  
 That from his owne affayres his thought she did remove;  
 Onely he sought to honor her, to serve her and to love.  
 To her he writeth oft, oft messengers are sent,  
 At length, in hope of better spede, himselfe the lover went;  
 Present to pleade for grace, which absent was not founde,  
 And to discover to her eye his new receaved wounde.  
 But she that from her youth was fostred evermore  
 With vertue's foode, and taught in schole of wisdome's skilfull  
 lore,

By aunswere did cutte off thaffections of his love,  
 That he no more occasion had so vayne a sute to move:  
 So sterne she was of chere, (for all the payne he tooke)  
 That, in reward of toyle, she would not geve a frendly looke;  
 And yet how much she did with constant mind retyre,  
 So much the more his fervent minde was prickt fourth by desyre,  
 But when he, many monthes, hopeles of his recure,  
 Had served her, who forced not what paynes he did endure,  
 At length he thought to leave Verona, and to prove  
 If chaunge of place might chaunge away his ill-bestowed love;  
 And speaking to himselfe, thus gan he make his mone:  
 "What booteth me to love and serve a fell unthankfull one,  
 Sith that my humble sute, and labour fowde in vayne,  
 Can reape none other fruite at all but scorne and proude disdayne?  
 What way she seekes to goe, the same I seeke to runne,  
 But she the path wherein I treade with speddy flight doth shunne,  
 I cannot live except that nere to her I be;  
 She is ay best content when she is farthest of from me.  
 Wherefore henceforth I will farre from her take my flight;  
 Perhaps, mine eye once banished by absence from her sight,  
 This fyre of myne, that by her pleasant eyne is fed,  
 Shall little and little weare away, and quite at last be ded."

But



But whilest he did decree this purpose still to kepe,  
 A contrary repugnant thought fanke in his brest so depe,  
 That douteful is he now which of the twayne is best.  
 In fyghs, in teares, in plainte, in care, in sorow and unrest,  
 He mones the daye, he wakes the long and werey night;  
 So depe hath love, with pearcing hand, ygrav'd her bewty bright  
 Within his brest, and hath so mastred quyte his hart,  
 That he of force must yelde as thrall;—no way is left to flart.  
 He cannot staye his steppe, but forth styll must he ronne,  
 He languisheth and melts awaye, as snowe agaynst the sonne.  
 His kyndred and alyes do wonder what he ayles,  
 And eche of them in frendly wyse his heavy hap bewayles.  
 But one emong the rest, the trustiest of his feeres,  
 Farre more then he with counsel fild, and ryper of his yeeres,  
 Gan sharply him rebuke; such love to him he bare,  
 That he was fellow of his smart, and partner of his care.  
 “What meanst thou Romeus, quoth he, what doting rage  
 Doth make thee thus consume away the best part of thine-age,  
 In seking her that scornes, and hydes her from thy sight,  
 Not forsing all thy great expence, ne yet thy honor bright,  
 Thy teares, thy wretched lyse, ne thine unspotted truth,  
 Which are of force, I weene, to move the hardest hart to ruthe?  
 Now, for our frendship's sake, and for thy health, I pray  
 That thou hencefoorth become thine owne;—O give no more away  
 Unto a thankles wight thy pretious free estate:  
 In that thou lovest such a one thou seemst thyself to hate.  
 For she doth love els where, and then thy time is lorne;  
 Or els (what booteth thee to sue?) Love's court she hath forsworne.  
 Both yong thou art of yeres, and high in Fortune's grace:  
 What man is better shapd than thou? who hath a sweeter face?  
 By painfull studie's meane great learning hast thou wonne,  
 Thy parents have none other heyre, thou art theyr onely sonne.  
 What greater greefe, trowst thou, what woful dedly smart,  
 Should so be able to distraine thy feely father's hart,  
 As in his age to see thee plunged deepe in vice,  
 When greatest hope he hath to heare thy vertue's fame arise?  
 What shall thy kinsmen think, thou cause of all their ruthe?  
 Thy dedly foes doe laugh to skorne thy yll-employed youth.  
 Wherefore my counsell is, that thou henceforth beginne  
 To knowe and flye the errour which to long thou livedst in.  
 Remove the veale of love that kepes thine eyes so blynde,  
 That thou ne canst the ready path of thy forefathers fynde.  
 But if unto thy will so much in thrall thou art,  
 Yet in some other place bestowe thy witles wandring hart.  
 Choosse out some woorthy dame, her honor thou, and serve,  
 Who will give eare to thy complaint, and pittie ere thou sterue.  
 But sow no more thy paynes in such a barraine foyle  
 As yelds in harveist time no crop, in recompence of toyle.

Ere

Ere long the townish dames together will resort,  
 Some one of beauty, favour, shape, and of so lovely porte,  
 With so fast fixed eye perhaps thou mayst beholde,  
 That thou shalt quite forget thy love and passions past of olde."

The yong man's listning eare receiv'd the holsome sounde,  
 And reason's truth y-planted so, within his head had grounde;  
 That now with healthy coole y-tempred is the heate,  
 And piece meale weares away the greefe that erst his heart did  
 freate.

To his approved frend a solemne othe he plight,  
 At every feast y-kept by day, and banquet made by night,  
 At pardons in the church, at games in open streete,  
 And every where he would resort where ladies wont to mete;  
 Eke should his savage heart like all indifferently,  
 For he would vew and judge them all with unallured eye.  
 How happy had he been, had he not been forsworne!  
 But twice as happy had he been, had he been never borne.  
 For ere the moone could thrise her wasted hornes renew,  
 False Fortune cast for him, poore wretch, a mischief newe to  
 brewe.

The very winter nightes restore the Christmas games,  
 And now the seson doth invite to banquet townish dames.  
 And fyrst in Capel's house, the chiefe of all the kyn  
 Sparth for no cost, the wonted use of banquets to begin.  
 No lady fayre or fowle was in Verona towne,  
 No knight or gentelman of high or lowe renowne,  
 But Capilet himselfe hath byd unto his feast,  
 Or, by his name in paper sent, appointed as a geast.  
 Yong damfels thither flocke, of bachelers a rowte,  
 Not so much for the banquet's sake, as bewties to serche out.  
 But not a Montagew would enter at his gate,  
 (For, as you heard, the Capilets and they were at debate)  
 Save Romeus, and he in maske, with hydden face,  
 The supper done, with other five did prease into the place.  
 When they had maskd a while with dames in courtly wise,  
 All did unmaske; the rest did shew them to theyr ladies eyes;  
 But bashfull Romeus with shamefast face forsooke  
 The open prease, and him withdrew into the chamber's nooke.  
 But brighter than the sunne the waxen torches shone,  
 That, maugre what he could, he was espyd of every one,  
 But of the women cheefe, theyr gasing eyes that threwe,  
 To woonder at his sightly shape, and bewtie's spotles hewe;  
 With which the heavens him had and nature so bedect,  
 That ladies, thought the fayrest dames, were fowle in his respect.  
 And in theyr head besyde an other woonder rose,  
 How he durst put himselfe in throng among so many foes:  
 Of courage stoute they thought his cumming to procede,  
 And women love an hardy hart, as I in stories rede.

The



The Capilets disdayne the presence of theyr foe,  
Yet they suppress the styred yre; the cause I doe not knowe:  
Perhaps offend theyr gestes the courteous knights are loth;  
Perhaps they stay from sharpe revenge, dreading the prince's  
wroth;

Perhaps for that they shamd to exercise theyr rage  
Within their house, gainst one alone, and him of tender age.  
They use no taunting talke, ne harme him by theyr deede,  
They neyther say, what makst thou here, ne yet they say, God  
speede.

So that he freely might the ladies view at ease,  
And they also beholding him their chaunge of fancies please;  
Which Nature had hym taught to doe with such a grace,  
That there was none but joyed at his being there in place.  
With upright beame he wayd the beauty of eche dame,  
And judgd who best, and who next her, was wrought in na-  
ture's frame.

At length he saw a mayd, right fayre, of perfect shape,  
(Which Theseus or Paris would have chosen to their rape)  
Whom erst he never sawe; of all she pleasde him most;  
Within himselfe he sayd to her, thou justly mayst thee bolde  
Of perfect shape's renowne and beautie's sounding prayse,  
Whose like ne hath, ne shall be seene, ne liveth in our dayes.  
And whilst he fixd on her his partiall perced eye,  
His former love, for which of late he ready was to dye,  
Is nowe as quite forgotte as it had never been:  
The proverbe saith, unminded oft are they that are unseene.  
And as out of a planke a nayle a nayle doth drive,  
So novel love out of the minde the auncient love doth rive.  
This sodain kindled fyre in time is wox so great,  
That only death and both theyr blouds might quench the fiery  
heate.

When Romeo saw himselfe in this new tempest tost,  
Where both was hope of pleasant port, and daunger to be lost,  
He doubtfull skafely knew what countenance to keepe;  
In Lethie's flood his wonted flames were quenched and drenched  
deepe.

Yea he forgets himselfe, ne is the wretch so bolde  
To aske her name that without force hath him in bondage folde;  
Ne how tunloose his bondes doth the poore foole devise,  
But onely seeketh by her sight to feede his houngrы eyes;  
Through them he swalloweth downe Love's sweete empoysonde  
baite:

How surely are the wareles wrapt by those that lye in wayte!  
So is the poyson spred throughout his bones and vaines,  
That in a while (alas the while) it hasteth deadly paines.  
Whilst Juliet, for so this gentle damsell hight,  
From fyde so fyde on every one dyd cast about her sight,

At



## ROMEUS AND JULIET.

At last her floting eyes were anchored fast on him,  
Who for her sake dyd banish health and fredome from eche  
limme.

He in her sight did seeme to passe the rest, as farre  
As Phœbus' shining beames do passe the brightnes of a starre,  
In wayte laye warlike Love with golden bowe and shaft,  
And to his eare with steady hand the bowstring up he raft :  
Till now she had escapde his sharpe inflaming darte,  
Till now he listd not assaulte her yong and tender hart.  
His whetted arrow loosde, so touchd her to the quicke,  
That through the eye it strake the hart, and there the hedde did  
sticke.

It booted not to strive. For why ? — she wanted strength ;  
The weaker aye unto the strong, of force, must yeld at length.  
The pomps now of the feast her heart gynes to despyse ;  
And onely joyeth whan her eyen meete with her lover's eyes.  
When theyr new smitten heartes had fed on loving gleames,  
Whilst, passing too and fro theyr eyes, y-mingled were theyr beames,  
Eche of these lovers gan by other's lookes to knowe,  
That frendship in theyr brest had roote, and both would have it  
grow.

When thus in both theyr harts had Cupide made his breache,  
And eche of them had fought the meane to end the warre by  
speech,

Dame Fortune did assent, theyr purpose to advaunce.  
With torche in hand a comely knight did fetch her forth to  
daunce ;

She quit herselfe so well and with so trim a grace  
That she the cheefe prayse wan that night from all Verona race :  
The whilst our Romeus a place had warely wonne,  
Nye to the seate where she must sit, the daunce once beyng donne,  
Fayre Juliet tourned to her chayre with pleasant cheere,  
And glad she was her Romeus approched was so neere.  
At thone syde of her chayre her lover Romeo,  
And on the other syde there sat one cald Mercutio ;  
A courtier that eche where was highly had in price,  
For he was coorteous of his speeche, and pleasant of devise.  
Even as a lyon would among the lambes be bolde,  
Such was among the bashful maydes Mercutio to beholde.  
With frendly gripe he ceasd fayre Juliet's snowish hand :  
A gyft he had, that Nature gave him in his swathing band,  
That frosen mountayne yse was never halfe so cold,  
As were his handes, though nere so neer the fire he did them  
hold.

As soon as had the knight the virgin's right hand raught,  
Within his trembling hand her left hath loving Romeus caught.  
For he wist well himselfe for her abode most payne,  
And well he wist she lovd him best, unless she list to fayne.

Ther

Then she with slender hand his tender palm hath prest ;  
 What joy, trow you, was graffed so in Romeus' cloven brest ?  
 The sodayne sweete delight hath stopped quite his tong,  
 Ne can he clame of her his right, ne crave redresse of wrong.  
 But she espyd straight waye, by chaunging of his hewe  
 From pale to red, from red to pale, and so from pale anewe,  
 That vehment love was cause why so his tong did stay,  
 And so much more she longd to heare what Love could teach him  
 faye.

When she had longed long, and he long held his peace,  
 And her desyre of hearing him by sylence did increase,  
 At last, with trembling voyce and shamefast chere, the mayde  
 Unto her Romeus tournde her selfe, and thus to him she fayde :

“ O blessed be the time of thy arrivall here ! — ”

But ere she could speake forth the rest, to her Love drewe so nere,  
 And so within her mouth her tongue he glewed fast,  
 That no one woord could scape her more then what already past.  
 In great contented ease the yong man straight is rapt :  
 What chaunce (quoth he) unware to me, O lady mine, is hapt :  
 That geves you worthy cause my cumming here to blesse ?  
 Fayre Juliet was come agayne unto her selfe by this ;  
 Fyrst ruthfully she lookd, then sayd with smyling chere :  
 “ Mervayle no whit, my hearte's delight, my only knight and  
 feere,

Mercutio's yfy hande had all to-frofen myne,  
 And of thy goodnes thou agayne hast warmed it with thyne.”  
 Whereto with stayed brow gan Romeus replye :  
 “ If so the Gods have graunted me suche favor from the skye,  
 That by my being here some service I have donne  
 That pleaseth you, I am as glad as I a realme had wonne.  
 O wel-bestowed tyme that hath the happy hyre,  
 Which I woulde wish if I might have my wished hart's desire !  
 For I of God woulde crave, as pryse of paynes forpast,  
 To serve, obey and honor you, so long as lyfe shall last :  
 As prooffe shall teache you playne, if that you like to trye  
 His saltles truth, that nill for ought unto his lady lye.  
 But if my touched hand have warmed yours some dele,  
 Assure your selfe the heate is colde which in your hand you fele,  
 Compar'd to suche quicke sparks and glowing furious gleade,  
 As from your bewtie's pleasant eyne Love caused to proceade ;  
 Which have so set on fyre eche feling parte of myne,  
 That lo ! my mynde doeth melt awaye, my outward parts do pyne.  
 And, but you helpe all whole, to ashes shall I toorne ;  
 Wherefore, alas ! have ruth on him, whom you do force to  
 boorne.”

Even with his ended tale, the torches-daunce had ende,  
 And Juliet of force must part from her new-chosen frend.

His



His hand she clasped hard, and all her partes dyd shake,  
When layfureles with whispring voyce thus did she aunswer  
make :

“ You are no more your owne, deare frend, then I am yours ;  
My honour savd, prest tobey your will, while life endures.”  
Lo ! here the lucky lot that fild true lovers finde,  
Eche takes away the other's hart, and leaves the owne behinde.  
A happy life is love, if God graunt from above  
That hart with hart by even waight do make exchange of love.  
But Romeus gone from her, his hart for care is colde ;  
He hath forgot to ask her name, that hath his hart in holde.  
With forged careles cheere, of one he seekes to knowe,  
Both how she hight, and whence she camme, that him enchaunt-  
ed so.

So hath he learnd her name, and knowth she is no geast,  
Her father was a Capilet, and master of the feast.  
Thus hath his foe in choyse to geve him life or death,  
That scarcely can his wofull breist keepe in the lively breath.  
Wherefore with pitious plaint fierce Fortune doth he blame,  
That in his ruth and wretched plight doth seeke her laughing  
game.

And he reproveth love cheefe cause of his unrest,  
Who ease and freedome hath exilde out of his youthfull breist :  
Twise hath he made him serve, hopeles of his rewarde ;  
Of both the ylles to choose the lesse, I weene, the choyse were  
harde.

Fyrst to a ruthles one he made him sue for grace,  
And now with spurre he forceth him to runne an endles race.  
Amid these stormy seas one ancor doth him holde,  
He serveth not a cruell one, as he had done of olde ;  
And therefore is content and chooseth still to serve,  
Though hap should sweare that guerdonles the wretched wight  
should sterve.

The lot of Tantalus is, Romeus, like to thine ;  
For want of foode, amid his foode, the myser still doth pyne.

As carefull was the mayde what way were best devise,  
To learne his name that intertaind her in so gentle wise ;  
Of whom her hart receivd so depe, so wyde, a wound.  
An ancient dame she calde to her, and in her eare gan rounde :  
(This old dame in her youth had nurst her with her mylke,  
With slender nedel taught her fow, and how to spyn with fylke.)  
What twayne are those, quoth she, which prease unto the doore,  
Whose pages in their hand do beare two torches light before ?  
And then, as eche of them had of his household name,  
So she him nam'd.—Yet once again the young and wyly dame—  
“ And tell me who is he with vyfor in his hand,  
That yonder dooth in masking weede besyde the window stand.”

His



His name is Romeus, said shee, a Montegewe,  
Whose father's pryde first styrd the stryfe which both your hous-  
holds rewe.

The word of Montegew her joyes did overthrow,  
And straight instead of happy hope despayre began to growe.  
What hap have I, quoth she, to love my father's foe?  
What, am I wery of my wele? what, doe I wysh my woe?  
But though her grevous paynes distraind her tender hart,  
Yet with an outward show of joye she clokod inward smart;  
And of the courtlike dames her leave so courtly tooke,  
That none did gesse the sodein change by changing of her looke.  
Then at her mother's heft to chamber she her hyed,  
So wel she faynde, mother ne nors the hidden harme descride.  
But when she shoulde have slept as wont she was in bed,  
Not half a wynde of quyet slepe could harbor in her hed;  
For loe, an huy heape of divers thoughtes arise,  
That rest have banisht from her hart, and slumber from her eyes.  
And now from syde to syde she tosseth and she turnes,  
And now for feare she shevereth, and now for love she burnes.  
And now she lykes her choyse, and now her choyse she blames,  
And now eche houre within her head a thousand fanfyes frames.  
Sometime in mynde to stop amynd her course begonne,  
Sometime she vowes, what so betyde, thattempted race to ronne.  
Thus danger's dred and love within the mayden fought;  
The fight was feerfe, continuynge long by their contrary thought.  
In tourning mase of love she wandreth too and fro,  
Then standeth doutful what to doo; last, overprest with woe,  
How so her fanfies cease, her teares did never blin,  
With heavy cheere and wringed hands thus doth her plaint begin.  
“ Ah silly foole, quoth she, y-cought in foottill snare!  
Ah wretched wench, bewrapt in woe! ah caytife clad with  
care!

Whence come these wandring thoughts to thy unconstant brest,  
By straying thus from raifon's lore, that reve thy wonted rest?  
What if his futtel brayne to fayne have taught his tong,  
And so the snake that lurkes in grasse thy tender hart hath stong?  
What if with frendly speache the traytor lye in wayte,  
As oft the poyfond hooke is hid, wrapt in the pleasant bayte?  
Oft under cloke of truth hath Falshood served her lust;  
And toorn'd their honor into shame, that did to slightly trust.  
What, was not Dido so, a crowned queene, defamd?  
And eke, for such an heynous cryme, have men not Theseus  
blamd?

A thousand stories more, to teache me to beware,  
In Boccace and in Ovid's bookes too plainly written are.  
Perhaps, the great revenge he cannot woorke by strength,  
By futtel sleight (my honour staynd) he hopes to woorke at length.  
So

So shall I seeke to find my father's foe, his game;  
 So (I desylde) Report shall take her trompe of blacke defame,  
 Whence she with puffed cheeke shall blowe a blast so shrill  
 Of my dispraise, that with the noyse Verona shall she fill.  
 Then I, a laughing stocke through all the towne becomeme,  
 Shall hide my selfe, but not my shame, within an hollowe toombe."  
 Straight underneath her foote she treadeth in the dust  
 Her troublesom thought, as wholly vaine, y-bred of fond distrust.  
 "No, no, by God above, I wot it well, quoth shee,  
 Although I rashely spake before, in no wise can it bee,  
 That where such perfect shape with pleasant bewty restes,  
 There crooked craft and trayson blacke should be appoynted gestes.  
 Sage writers say, the thoughts are dwelling in the eyne;  
 Then sure I am, as Cupid raignes, that Romeus is myne.  
 The tong the messenger eke call they of the mynd;  
 So that I see he loveth me:—shall I then be unkynd?  
 His face's rosy hew I saw full oft to seeke;  
 And straight again it flashed forth, and spred in eyther cheeke.  
 His fixed heavenly eyne that through me quyte did perce  
 His thoughts unto my hart, my thoughts thei semed to rehearse.  
 What ment his foltring tunge in telling of his tale?  
 The trimbling of his joynts, and eke his cooler waxen pale?  
 And whilst I talke with him, himself he hath exylde  
 Out of himself, as seemed me; ne was I sure begylde.  
 Those arguments of love Craft wrate not on his face,  
 But Nature's hand, when all deceyte was banishd out of place.  
 What other certayn signes seke I of his good wil?  
 These doo suffice; and stedfast I will love and serve him styll,  
 Till Attropos shall cut my fatall thread of lyfe,  
 So that he mynde to make of me his lawful wedded wyfe.  
 For so perchaunce this new alliance may procure  
 Unto our houses such a peace as ever shall indure."

Oh how we can perswade ourself to what we like!  
 And how we can diswade our mynd, if ought our mind mislyke!  
 Weake arguments are stronge, our fantasies streight to frame  
 To pleasing things, and eke to shonne, if we mislyke the same.  
 The mayde had scarcely yet ended the wery warre,  
 Kept in her heart by striving thoughts, when every shining starre  
 Had payd his borrowed light, and Phœbus spred in skies  
 His golden rayes, which seemd to say, now time it is to rise.  
 And Romeus had by this forsaken his wery bed,  
 Where restles he a thousand thoughts had forged in his hed.  
 And while with lingring step by Juliet's house he past,  
 And upwards to her windowes high his greedy eyes did cast,  
 His love that lookd for him there gan he straight espye.  
 With pleasant cheere eche greeted is; she followeth with her eye  
 His parting steppes, and he oft looketh backe againe,  
 But not so oft as he desyres; warely he doth refrayne.

What



What life were like to love, if dread of jeopardy  
Y-fowred not the sweete; if love were free from jelosy!  
But she more sure within, unseene of any wight,  
When so he comes, lookes after him till he be out of sight.  
In often passing so, his busy eyes he threw,  
That every pane and tooting hole the wily lover knew.  
In happy houre he doth a garden plot espye,  
From which, except he warely walke, men may his love descrye;  
For lo! it fronted full upon her leaning place,  
Where she is wont to shew her heart by cheerefull frendly face.  
And lest the arbors might theyr secret love bewraye,  
He doth keepe backe his forward foote from passing there by daye;  
But when on earth the Night her mantel blacke hath spred,  
Well-armde he walketh forth alone, ne dreadful foes doth dred.  
Whom maketh Love not bold, naye whom makes he not blinde?  
He driveth daungers dread oft times out of the lover's minde.  
By night he passeth here a weeke or two in vayne;  
And for the missing of his marke his greefe hath hym nye flaine.  
And Juliet that now doth lacke her heart's releefe,—  
Her Romeus' pleasant eyen I mean—is almost dead for greefe.  
Eche day she chaungeth howres, for lovers keepe an howre,  
When they are sure to see theyr love, in passing by their bowre.  
Impacient of her woe, she hapt to leane one night  
Within her windowe, and anon the moone did shine so bright  
That she espyde her loove; her hart revived sprang;  
And now for joy she claps her handes, which erst for wo she  
wrang.

Eke Romeus, when he sawe his long desyred sight,  
His moorning cloke of mone cast of, hath clad him with delight.  
Yet dare I say, of both that she rejoyced more:  
His care was great, hers twise as great was, all the time before;  
For whilst she knew not why he did himselfe absent,  
In douting both his health and life, his death she did lament.  
For love is fearful oft where is no cause of feare,  
And what love feares, that love laments, as though it chaunced  
weare.

Of greater cause alway is greater woorke y-bred;  
While he nought douteth of her helth, she dreads lest he be ded.  
When onely absence is the cause of Romeus' smart,  
By happy hope of sight againe he feedes his fainting hart.  
What wonder then if he were wrapt in lesse annoye?  
What marvel if by sodain sight she fed of greater joye?  
His smaller greefe or joy no smaller love doo prove;  
Ne, for she passed him in both, did she him passe in love:  
But eche of them alike dyd burne in equall flame,  
The wel-beloving knight and eke the wel-beloved dame.  
Now whilst with bitter teares her eyes as fountaines ronne,  
With whispering voyce, y-broke with sobs, thus is her tale begonne:

B

“ Oh



“ Oh Romeus, of your life too lavas sure you are,  
That in this place, and at this tyme, to hazard it you dare.  
What if your dedly foes, my kinsmen, saw you here?  
Lyke lyons wylde, your tender partes asonder would they teare.  
In ruth and in disdayne, I, wery of my life,  
With cruell hand my moorning hart would perce with bloudy  
knyfe.

For you, myne own, once dead, what joy should I have heare?  
And eke my honor staynd, which I then lyfe do holde more deare.”

“ Fayre lady myne, dame Juliet, my lyfe (quod hee)  
Even from my byrth committed was to fatall sisters three.  
They may in spyte of foes draw soorth my lively threed;  
And they also (who so sayth nay) asonder may it shreed.  
But who, to reave my life, his rage and force would bende,  
Perhaps should trye unto his payne how I it could defende.  
Ne yet I love it so, but alwayes, for your sake,  
A sacrifice to death I would my wounded corps betake.  
If my mishappe were such, that here, before your sight,  
I should restore agayn to death, of lyfe my borrowed light,  
This one thing and no more my parting sprite would rewe,  
That part he should before that you by certain trial knew  
The love I owe to you, the thrall I languish in,  
And how I dread to loose the gayne which I do hope to win;  
And how I wish for lyfe, not for my proper ease,  
But that in it you might I love, you honor, serve and please,  
Till dedly pangs the sprite out of the corps shall send:”  
And thereupon he sware an othe, and so his tale had ende.

Now love and pitty boyle in Juliet's ruthfull brest;  
In windowe on her leaning arme her weary head doth rest;  
Her bosome bath'd in teares (to witnes inward payne),  
With dreary chere to Romeus thus aunswered she agayne:  
“ Ah my deere Romeus, kepe in these words, (quod she)  
For lo, the thought of such mischaunce already maketh me  
For pity and for dred well nigh to yeld up breath;  
In even ballance peysed are my life and eke my death.  
For so my heart is knit, yea made one selfe with yours,  
That sure there is no greefe so small, by which your mynd en-  
dures,

But as you suffer payne, so I doo beare in part  
(Although it lessens not your greefe) the halfe of all your smart.  
But these thinges overpast, if of your health and myne  
You have respect, or pity ought my tear-y-weeping eyen,  
In few unfained woords your hidden mynd unfolde,  
That as I see your pleasant face, your heart I may beholde.  
For if you do intende my honor to defile,  
In error shall you wander still, as you have done this while:  
But if your thought be chaste, and have on vertue ground,  
If wedlocke be the end and marke which your desyre hath found,  
Obedience

Obedience set asyde, unto my parents dewe,  
The quarrel eke that long agoe betwene our housholdes grewe,  
Both me and mine I will all whole to you betake,  
And following you where so you goe, my father's house forsake.  
But if by wanton love and by unlawfull sute  
You thinke in ripest yeres to plucke my maydenhood's dainty frute,  
You are begylde; and now your Juliet you beseeke  
To cease your sute, and suffer her to live emong her likes."  
Then Romeus, whose thought was free from fowle desyre,  
And to the top of vertue's hight did worthely aspyre,  
Was fild with greater joy then can my pen expresse,  
Or, tyll they have enjoyd the like, the hearer's hart can gesse\*.  
And then with joynd hands, heav'd up into the skies,  
He thanks the Gods, and from the heavens for vengeance down  
he cries,

If he have other thought but as his Lady spake;  
And then his looke he toorn'd to her, and thus did answere make:  
" Since, lady, that you like to honor me so much  
As to accept me for your spouse, I yeeld myself for such.  
In true witnes whereof, because I must depart,  
Till that my deede do prove my woord, I leave in pawne my hart.  
Tomorrow eke betimes, before the sunne arise,  
To Fryer Lawrence will I wende, to learne his sage advise.  
He is my gostly fyre, and oft he hath me taught  
What I should doe in things of waight, when I his ayde have  
sought.

And at this selfe same houre, I plyte you here my fayth,  
I will be here, if you thinke good, to tell you what he sayth."  
She was contented well; els favour found he none  
That night, at lady Juliet's hand, save pleasant words alone.

This barefoote fryer gyrt with cord his grayish weede,  
For he of Francis' order was a fryer, as I reede.  
Not as the most was he, a grosse unlearned foole,  
But doctor of divinetie proceeded he in schoole.  
The secrets eke he knew in Nature's woorks that looke;  
By magick's arte most men supposed that he could wonders woork.  
Ne doth it ill beseeme devines those skils to know,  
If on no harmefull deede they do such skilfulnes bestow;  
For justly of no arte can men condemne the use,  
But right and reason's lore crye out agaynst the lewd abuse.  
The bounty of the fryer and wisdom hath so wonne  
The towne's folks harts, that wel nigh all to fryer Lawrence runne,  
To shrive themselves; the olde, the young, the great and small;  
Of all he is beloved well, and honord much of all.

\* —the hearer's hart can gesse.] From these words it should seem that this poem was formerly sung or recited to casual passengers in the streets. See also p. 294. l. 34. "If any man be here &c."



## ROMEUS AND JULIET.

And, for he did the rest in wisdom farre exceede,  
 The prince by him (his counsell cravde) was holpe at time of neede.  
 Betwixt the Capilets and him great frendship grew,  
 A secret and assured frend unto the Montague.  
 Lovd of this yong man more than any other geste,  
 The fryer eke of Verone youth aye liked Romeus best;  
 For whom he ever hath in time of his distres,  
 As earst you heard, by skilfull love found out his harme's redresse.  
 To him is Romeus gonne, ne stayeth he till the morrowe;  
 To him he painteth all his case, his passed joy and sorrow.  
 How he hath her espide with other dames in daunce,  
 And how that fyrst to talke with her him selfe he dyd advaunce;  
 Their talke and change of lookes he gan to him declare,  
 And how so fast by fayth and troth they both y-coupled are,  
 That neyther hope of lyfe, nor dread of cruel death,  
 Shall make him false his fayth to her, while lyfe shall lend him  
 breath.

And then with weping eyes he prayes his gostly fyre  
 To further and accomplish all their honest hartes' desyre.  
 A thousand doutes and moe in thold man's hed arose,  
 A thousand daungers like to comme the old man doth disclose,  
 And from the spousall rites he readeth him refrayne,  
 Perhaps he shall be bet advise within a weeke or twayne.  
 Advise is banisht quite from those that folowe love,  
 Except advise to what they like theyr bending mynd do move.  
 As well the father might have counfeld him to stay  
 That from a mountaine's top thrown downe is falling halfe the waye,  
 As warne his frend to stop amid his race begonne,  
 Whom Cupid with his smarting whip enforceth foorth to ronne.  
 Part wonne by earnest sute, the frier doth graunt at last;  
 And part, because he thinkes the stormes, so lately overpast,  
 Of both the households wrath, this marriage might appease;  
 So that they should not rage agayne, but quite for ever cease.  
 The respite of a day he asketh to devise  
 What way were best, unknown, to ende so great an enterprise.  
 The wounded man that now doth dedly paynes endure,  
 Scarce patient tarieth whilst his leech doth make the salve to cure:  
 So Romeus hardly graunts a short day and a night,  
 Yet nedes he must, els must he want his onely harte's delight.

You see that Romeus no time or payne doth spare;  
 Thinke, that the whilst fayre Juliet is not devoyde of care.  
 Yong Romeus powreth foorth his hap and his mishap  
 Into the frier's brest;—but where shall Juliet unwrap  
 The secrets of her hart? to whom shall she unfold  
 Her hidden burning love, and eke her thought and care so colde.  
 The nurse of whom I spake, within her chamber laye,  
 Upon the mayde she wayteth still;—to her she doth bewray  
 Her new-received wound, and then her ayde doth crave,  
 In her, she saith, it lyes to spill, in her, her life to save.

Not



Not easily she made the froward nurse to bowe,  
But wonne at length with promest hyre, she made a solemne vowe  
To do what she commaundes, as handmayd of her hest;  
Her mistres' secrets hide she will, within her covert brest.

To Romeus she goes, of hym she doth desyre  
To know the meane of marriage, by counsell of the fryre.  
On Saturday (quod he) if Juliet come to shrift,  
She shall be shrived and married:—how lyke you, noorse, this drift?  
Now by my truth, (quod she) God's blessing have your hart,  
For yet in all my life I have not heard of such a part.  
Lord, how you yong men can such crafty wiles devise,  
If that you love the daughter well, to bleare the mother's eyes!  
An easy thing it is with cloke of holines  
To mocke the sely mother, that suspecteth nothing lesse.  
But that it pleased you to tell me of the case,  
For all my many yeres perhaps I should have found it scarfe.  
Now for the rest let me and Juliet alone;  
To get her leave, some feate excuse I will devise anone;  
For that her golden lockes by sloth have been unkempt,  
Or for unawares some wanton dreame the youthfull damsell  
drempt,

Or for in thoughts of love her ydel time she spent,  
Or otherwise within her hart deserved to be shent.  
I know her mother will in no case say her nay;  
I warrant you, she shall not fayle to come on Saterdag.  
And then she sweares to him, the mother loves her weil;  
And how she gave her sucke in youth, she leaveth not to tell.  
A prety babe (quod she) it was when it was yong;  
Lord how it could full pretely have prated with it tong!  
A thousand times and more I laid her on my lappe,  
And clapt her on the buttocke soft, and kist where I did clappe.  
And gladder then was I of such a kisse forsooth,  
Then I had been to have a kisse of some old lecher's mouth.  
And thus of Juliet's youth began this prating noorse,  
And of her present state to make a tedious long discourse.  
For though he pleasure tooke in hearing of his love,  
The message' aunswer seemed him to be of more behove.  
But when these beldames sit at ease upon theyr tayle,  
The day and eke the candle light before theyr talke shall fayle.  
And part they say is true, and part they do devise,  
Yet boldly do they chat of both, when no man checkes theyr lyes.  
Then he vi crownes of gold out of his pocket drew,  
And gave them her;—a slight reward (quod he) and so adiew.  
In seven yeres twice tolde she had not bowd so lowe  
Her crooked knees, as now they bowe: she sweares she will be-  
flowe

Her crafty wit, her time, and all her busy payne,  
To help him to his hoped blisse; and, cowering downe agayne,

She takes her leave, and home she hies with speedy pace;  
The chamber doore she shuts, and then she saith with smiling  
face :

Good newes for thee, my gyrl, good tydings I thee bring,  
Leave of thy wonted song of care, and now of pleasure sing.  
For thou mayst hold thyselfe the happiest under sonne,  
That in so little while so well so worthy a knight hast wonne.  
The best y-shapde is he and hath the fayrest face,  
Of all this towne, and there is none hath halfe so good a grace;  
So gentle of his speeche, and of his counsell wise:—  
And still with many prayes more she heaved him to the skies.  
Tell me els what, (quod she) this evermore I thought;  
But of our marriage, say at once, what answer have you brought?  
Nay, soft, (quod she) I feare your hurt by sodain joye;  
I list not play (quod Juliet), although thou list to toye.  
How glad, trow you, was she, when she had heard her say,  
No farther of then Saturday differred was the day.  
Again the auncient nurse doth speake of Romeus,  
And then (said she) he spake to me, and then I spake him thus.  
Nothing was done or sayd that she hath left untold,  
Save only one that she forgot, the taking of the golde.  
“ There is no losse (quod she) sweete wench, to losse of time,  
Ne in thine age shall thou repent so much of any crime.  
For when I call to mynd my former passed youth,  
One thing there is which most of all doth cause my endless ruth.  
At sixtene yeres I first did choose my loving feere,  
And I was fully rype before, I dare well say, a yere.  
The pleasure that I lost, that year so overpast,  
A thousand times I have bewept, and shall, whyle life doth last.  
In fayth it were a shame, yea finne it were, I wisse,  
When thou maist live in happy joy, to set light by thy blisse.”  
She that this morning could her mistres mynd dissuade,  
Is now become an oratresse, her lady to perswade.  
If any man be here whom love hath clad with care,  
To him I speake; if thou wilt speede, thy purse thou must not  
spare.

Two sorts of men there are, seeld welcome in at doore,  
The welthy sparing niggard, and the sutor that is poore.  
For glittering gold is wont by kynd to moove the hart;  
And oftentimes a slight rewarde doth cause a more defart.  
Y-written have I red, I wot not in what booke,  
There is no better way to fishe then with a golden hooke.  
Of Romeus these two do fitte and chat awhyle,  
And to them selfe they laugh how they the mother shall begyle.  
A feate excuse they finde, but sure I know it not,  
And leave for her to go to shrift on Saterday, she got,  
So well this Juliet, this wily wench, did know  
Her mother's angry houres, and eke the true bent of her bowe.

The



The Saturday betimes, in sober weed y-clad,  
 She tooke her leave, and forth she went with visage grave and sad.  
 With her the nurce is sent, as brydle of her lust,  
 With her the mother sends a mayd almost of equall trust.  
 Betwixt her teeth the bytte the jenet now hath cougth,  
 So warely eke the vyrgin walks, her mayde perceiveth nought.  
 She gaseth not in church on yong men of the towne,  
 Ne wandreth she from place to place, but straight she kneleth  
 downe

Upon an alter's step, where she devoutly prayes,  
 And thereupon her tender knees the wery lady staves;  
 Whilst she doth send her mayde the certayn truth to know,  
 If frier Lawrence laysure had to heare her shrift, or no.  
 Out of his shriving place he commes with pleasant cheere;  
 The shamfast mayde with bashfull brow to himward draweth neere.  
 Some great offence (quod he) you have committed late,  
 Perhaps you have displeasd your frend by geving him a mate.  
 Then turning to the nurce and to the other mayde,  
 Go heare a masse or two, (quod he) which straightway shall be  
 sayde.

For, her confession heard, I will unto you twayne  
 The charge that I received of you restore to you agayne.  
 What, was not Juliet, trow you, right well apayde,  
 That for this trusty fryre hath chaungd her yong mistrusting  
 mayde?

I dare well say, there is in all Verona none,  
 But Romeus, with whom she would so gladly be alone.  
 Thus to the fryer's cell they both forth walked byn;  
 He shuts the doore as soon as he and Juliet were in.  
 But Romeus, her frend, was entered in before,  
 And there had wayted for his love, two houres large and more.  
 Eche minute seemd an houre, and every howre a day,  
 Twixt hope he lived and despayre of cumming or of stay.  
 Now wavering hope and feare are quite fled out of sight,  
 For, what he hopde he hath at hande, his pleasant cheefe delight.  
 And joyfull Juliet is healde of all her smart,  
 For now the rest of all her parts have found her straying hart.  
 Both theyr confessions fyrst the fryer hath heard them make,  
 And then to her with lowder voyce thus fryer Lawrence spake:  
 Fayre lady Juliet, my gostly daughter deere,  
 As farre as I of Romeus learne, who by you stondeth here,  
 Twixt you it is agreed, that you shal be his wyfe,  
 And he your spouse in steady truth, till death shall end your life.  
 Are you both fully bent to kepe this great behest?  
 And both the lovers said, it was theyr onely hart's request.  
 When he did see theyr myndes in linkes of love so fast,  
 When in the prayse of wedlock's state somme skilfull talke was past,



## ROMEUS AND JULIET.

When he had told at length the wyfe what was her due,  
 His duty eke by gostly talke the youthfull husband knew;  
 How that the wyfe in love must honour and obey,  
 What love and honor he doth owe, a dette that he must pay,—  
 The woords pronounced were which holy church of olde  
 Appoynted hath for mariage, and she a ring of golde  
 Received of Romeus; and then they both arose.  
 To whom the frier then said: Perchaunce apart you will disclose,  
 Betwixt your selfe alone, the bottome of your hart;  
 Say on at once, for time it is that hence you should depart.  
 Then Romeus said to her, (both loth to part so soone)  
 “Fayre lady, send to me agayne your nurse thys afternoone.  
 Of corde I will bespeake a ladder by that time;  
 By which, this night, while other sleepe, I will your windowe  
 clyme.

Then will we talke of love and of our old dispayres,  
 And then with longer layzure had dispose our great affayres.”  
 These sayd, they kisse, and then part to theyr father's house,  
 The joyfull bryde unto her home, to his eke go'th the spouse;  
 Contented both, and yet both discontented still,  
 Till Night and Venus' child geve leave the wedding to fulfill.  
 The painfull fouldiour, fore y-bet with wery warre,  
 The merchant eke that nedefull thinges doth dred to fetch from  
 farre,

The plowman that, for doute of feerce invading foes,  
 Rather to sit in ydle ease then sowe his tilt hath chose,  
 Rejoice to hear proclaymd the tydings of the peace;  
 Not pleasurd with the sound so much, but, when the warres do  
 cease,

Then ceased are the harmes which cruel warre bringes foorth:  
 The merchant then may boldly fetch his wares of precious woorth;  
 Dredeles the husbandman doth till his fertile feeld.  
 For welth, her mate, not for her selfe, is peace so precious held:  
 So lovers live in care, in dred, and in unrest,  
 And dedly warre by striving thoughts they kepe within their brest;  
 But wedlocke is the peace whereby is freedome wonne  
 To do a thousand pleasant thinges that should not els be donne,  
 The newes of ended warre these two have heard with joy,  
 But now they long the fruite of peace with pleasure to enjoy.  
 In stormy wind and wave, in daunger to be lost,  
 Thy stearles ship, O Romeus, hath been long while betost;  
 The seas are now appeasd, and thou, by happy starre,  
 Art come in sight of quiet haven; and, now the wrackfull barre  
 Is hid with swelling tyde, boldly thou mayst resort  
 Unto thy wedded ladie's bed, thy long-desyred port.  
 God graunt, no follie's mist so dymme thy inward fight,  
 That thou do misse the channel that doth leade to thy delight!

God

God graunt, no daunger's rocke, y-lurking in the darke,  
 Before thou win the happy port, wracke thy sea-beaten barke.  
 A servant Romeus had, of woord and deede so iust,  
 That with his lyfe, if nede requierd, his maister would him trust.  
 His faithfulnes had oft our Romeus proved of olde;  
 And therefore all that yet was done unto his man he tolde.  
 Who straight, as he was charged, a corden ladder lookes,  
 To which he hath made fast two strong and crooked yron hookes.  
 The bryde to send the nurse at twylight fayleth not,  
 To whom the brydegroome geuen hath the ladder that he got.  
 And then to watch for him appoynted her an howre,  
 For, whether Fortune smyle on him, or if she list to lowre,  
 He will not misse to come to hys appoynted place,  
 Where wont he was to take by stelth the view of Juliet's face.  
 How long these lovers thought the lasting of the day,  
 Let other judge that woonted are lyke passions to assay:  
 For my part, I do gesse eche howre seemes twenty yere;  
 So that I deeme, if they might have (as of Alcume we heare)  
 The funne bond to theyr will, if they the heavens might gyde,  
 Black shade of night and doubled darke should straight all over-  
 hyde.

Thappointed howre is comme; he, clad in riche araye,  
 Walkes toward his desyred home:—good fortune gyde his way!  
 Approaching nere the place from whence his hart had lyfe,  
 So light he wox, he leapt the wall, and there he spyde his wyfe,  
 Who in the window watcht the comming of her lord;  
 Where she so surely had made fast the ladder made of corde,  
 That daungerles her spouse the chaumber window climes,  
 Where he ere then had wisht himselfe above ten thousand tymes.  
 The windowes close are shut; els looke they for no gest;  
 To light the waxen quariers, the auncient nurse is prest,  
 Which Juliet had before prepared to be light,  
 That she at pleasure might behold her husband's bewty bright.  
 A carchef white as snowe ware Juliet on her hed,  
 Such as she wonted was to weare, atyre meete for the bed.  
 As soon as she hym spide, about his necke she clong,  
 And by her long and slender armes a great while there she hong.  
 A thousand times she kist, and him unkist againe,  
 Ne could she speake a woord to him, though would she nere so  
 fayne.

And like betwixt his armes to faynt his lady is;  
 She fets a figh and clappeth close her closed mouth to his:  
 And ready then to fownde, she looked ruthfully,  
 That lo, it made him both at once to live and eke to dye.  
 These piteous painfull panges were haply overpast,  
 And she unto herselfe againe retorned home at last.  
 Then, through her troubled brest, even from the farthest part,  
 An hollow figh, a messenger she sendeth from her hart.

O Ro-



O Romeus, (quod she) in whom all vertues shine,  
 Welcome thou art into this place, where from these eyes of mine  
 Such teary streames did flowe, that I suppose wel ny  
 The source of all my bitter teares is altogether drye.  
 Absence so pynde my heart, which on thy presence fed,  
 And of thy safety and thy health so much I stood in dred.  
 But now what is decreed by fatall destiny,  
 I force it not ; let Fortune do and death their woort to me.  
 Full recompensd am I for all my passed harmes,  
 In that the Gods have graunted me to claspe thee in mine armes.  
 The chrystall teares began to stand in Romeus' eyes,  
 When he unto his ladie's woordes gan aunswere in this wise :  
 " Though cruell Fortune be so much my deadly foe,  
 That I ne can by lively prooffe cause thee, fayre dame, to know  
 How much I am by love enthralled unto thee,  
 Ne yet what mighty powre thou hast, by thy desert, on me,  
 Ne torments that for thee I did ere this endure,  
 Yet of thus much (ne will I fayne) I may thee well assure ;  
 The least of many paines which of thy absence sproong,  
 More painfully than death it selfe my tender hart hath wroong.  
 Ere this, one death had rest a thousand deathes away,  
 But life prolonged was by hope of this desyred day ;  
 Which so just tribute payes of all my passed mone,  
 That I as well contented am as if my selfe alone  
 Did from the ocean reigne unto the sea of Ynde.  
 Wherefore now let us wipe away old cares out of our mynde ;  
 For, as the wretched state is now redrest at last,  
 So is it skill behind our backe the cursed care to cast.  
 Since Fortune of her grace hath place and time assinde,  
 Where we with pleasure may content our discontented mynde,  
 In Lethes hyde we depe all greefe and all annoy,  
 Whilst we do bathe in blisse, and fill our hungry harts with joye.  
 And, for the time to comme, let be our busy care  
 So wisely to direct our love, as no wight els be ware ;  
 Lest envious foes by force despoyle our new delight,  
 And us threw backe from happy state to more unhappy plight."  
 Fayre Juliet began to aunswere what he sayde,  
 But forth in hast the old nurse stept, and so her aunswere stayde,  
 Who takes not time (quoth she) when time well offred is,  
 An other time shall seeke for tyme, and yet of time shall misse.  
 And when occasion serves, who so doth let it slippe,  
 Is worthy sure, if I might judge, of lashes with a whippe.  
 Wherefore if eche of you hath harmde the other so,  
 And eche of you hath ben the cause of other's wayled woe,  
 Lo here a field (she shewd a field-bed ready dight)  
 Where you may, if you list, in armes revenge yourself by fight.  
 Whereto these lovers both gan easely assent,  
 And to the place of mylde revenge with pleasant cheere they went.  
Where



Where they were left alone—(the nurse is gone to rest)  
 How can this be? they restless lye, ne yet they feele unrest.  
 I graunt that I envie the blisse they lived in;  
 O that I might have found the like! I wish it for no sin,  
 But that I might as well with pen their joyes depaynt,  
 As heretofore I have displayd their secret hidden playnt.  
 Of shyvering care and dred I have felt many a fit,  
 But Fortune such delight as theyrs dyd never graunt me yet.  
 By prooffe no certain truth can I unhappy write,  
 But what I gesse by likelihod, that dare I to endyte.  
 The blindfold goddesse that with frowning face doth fraye,  
 And from theyr seate the mighty kinges throwes downe with hed-  
 long sway,

Begynneth now to turne to these her smyling face;  
 Nedes must they tast of great delight, so much in Fortune's grace.  
 If Cupid, god of love, be god of pleasant sport,  
 I think, O Romeus, Mars himselfe envies thy happy fort.  
 Ne Venus justly might (as I suppose) repent,  
 If in thy stead, O Juliet, this pleasant time she spent.

Thus passe they forth the night, in sport, in joly game;  
 The hastines of Phœbus' steeds in great despyte they blame.  
 And now the vyrgin's fort hath warlike Romeus got,  
 In which as yet no breache was made by force of canon shot,  
 And now in ease he doth possesse the hoped place:  
 How glad was he, speake you, that may your lovers' parts embrace.  
 The mariage thus made up, and both the parties pleas'd,  
 The nigh approche of daye's retoorne these fely soles diseas'd.  
 And for they might no while in pleasure passe theyr time,  
 Ne leysure had they much to blame the hasty morning's crime,  
 With frendly kisse in armes of her his leave he takes,  
 And every other night, to come, a solemn othe he makes,  
 By one selfe meane, and eke to come at one selfe howre:  
 And so he doth, till Fortune list to sawse his sweete with sowre.  
 But who is he that can his present state assure?  
 And say unto himselfe, thy joyes shall yet a day endure?  
 So wavering Fortune's whele, her chaunges be so straunge;  
 And every wight y-thralled is by Fate unto her chaunge:  
 Who raignes so over all, that eche man hath his part,  
 Although not aye, perchaunce, alike of pleasure and of smart.  
 For after many joyes some feele but little paine,  
 And from that little greefe they toorne to happy joy againe.  
 But other some there are, that living long in woe,  
 At length they be in quiet ease, but long abide not so;  
 Whose greefe is much increast by myrth that went before,  
 Because the sodayne chaunge of thinges doth make it seeme the  
 more.

Of this unlucky forte our Romeus is one,  
 For all his hap turnes to mishap, and all his myrth to mone.

And

And joyfull Juliet another lease must toorne ;  
As wont she was, (her joyes bereft) she must begin to moorne.

The summer of their blisse doth last a month or twayne,  
But winter's blast with spedy foote doth bring the fall agayne.  
Whom glorious Fortune erst had heaved to the skies,  
By envious Fortune overthrowne, on earth now groveling lyes.  
She payd theyr former greefe with pleasure's doubled gayne,  
But now, for pleasure's usury, ten folde redoubleth payne.

The prince could never cause those households so agree,  
But that some sparckles of theyr wrath as yet remayning bee ;  
Which lye this while raaked up in ashes pale and ded,  
Till tyme do serve that they agayne in wasting flame may spread.  
At holiest times, men say, most heynous crimes are donne ;  
The morrowe after Easter-day the mischief new begonne.  
A band of Capilets dyd meet (my hart it rewes)  
Within the walles, by Purser's gate, a band of Montagewes.  
The Capilets as cheefe a yong man have chose out,  
Best exercis'd in feates of armes, and noblest of the rowies  
Our Juliet's unkle's sonne, that cleped was Tibalt ;  
He was of body tall and strong, and of his courage halt.  
They neede no trumpet sounde to byd them geve the charge,  
So lowde he cryde with strayned voyce and mouth out-stretched  
large ;

“ Now, now, quoth he, my friends, our selfe so let us wreake,  
That of this daye's revenge and us our children's heyres may  
speake.

Now once for all let us their swelling pryde asswage ;  
Let none of them escape alive.”—Then he with furious rage,  
And they with him, gave charge upon theyr present foes,  
And then forthwith a skirmish great upon this fray arose.  
For loe the Montagewes thought shame away to flye,  
And rather then to live with shame, with prayse did choose to  
dye.

The woords that Tybalt usd to styrre his folke to yre,  
Have in the brestes of Montagewes kindled a furious fyre.  
With lyons harts they fight, warely them selfe defend ;  
To wound his foe, his present wit and force eche one doth bend.  
This furious fray is long on eche side stoutly fought,  
That whether part had got the worst, full doutfull were the  
thought.

The noyse hereof anon throughout the towne doth flye,  
And parts are taken on every side ; both kindreds thether hye.  
Here one doth gaspe for breth, his frend bestrydeth him ;  
And he hath lost a hand, and he another maymed lym :  
His leg is cutte whilst he strikes at an other full,  
And whom he would have thrust quite through, hath cleft his  
cracked skull.

Theyr



Theyr valiant harts forbode theyr foote to geve the ground ;  
With unappauled cheere they tooke full deepe and doutfull  
wounde.

Thus foote by foote long while, and shyld to shyld set fast,  
One foe doth make another faint, but makes him not agast.  
And whilst this noyse is rise in every townesman's eare,  
Eke, waiking with his frendes, the noyse doth wofull Romeus  
heare.

With spedy foote he ronnes unto the fray apace ;  
With him, those fewe that were with him he leadeth to the place.  
They pitie much to see the slaughter made so greate,  
That wet shod they might stand in blood on eyther side the streate.  
Part frendes, said he, part frendes, help, frendes, to part the fray,  
And to the rest, enough, (he cryes) now time it is to staye.  
God's farther wrath you styrre, beside the hurt you feele,  
And with this new updre confounde all this our common wele.  
But they so busy are in fight, so egar, fierce,  
That through theyr eares his sage advise no leysure had to pearce.  
Then lept he in the throng, to part and barre the blowes  
As well of those that were his frends, as of his dedly foes.  
As soon as Tybalt had our Romeus espyde,  
He threw a thrust at him, that would have past from side to side ;  
But Romeus ever went, douting his foes, well armde,  
So that the swerd, kept out by mayle, had nothing Romeus  
harmde.

Thou doest me wrong, quoth he, for I but part the fraye ;  
Not dread, but other waighty cause my hasty hand doth stay.  
Thou art the cheefe of thine, the noblest eke thou art,  
Wherefore leave of thy malice now, and helpe these folke to part.  
Many are hurt, some slayne, and some are like to dye : —  
No, coward, traytor boy, quoth he, straight way I mind to trye,  
Whether thy sugred talke, and tong so smoothly fylde,  
Against the force of this my swerd shall serve thee for a shyld.  
And then at Romeus' hed a blow he strake so hard,  
That might have clove him to the braine but for his cunning ward.  
It was but lent to hym that could repay againe,  
And geve him deth for interest, a well-forborne gayne.  
Right as a forest bore, that lodged in the thicke,  
Pinched with dog, or els with speare y-pricked to the quicke,  
His bristles styffe upright upon his backe doth set,  
And in his fomy mouth his sharp and crooked tuskes doth whet ;  
Or as a lyon wilde, that raumpeth in his rage,  
His whelps bereft, whose fury can no weaker beast asswage ; —  
Such seemed Romeus in every other's fight,  
When he him shope, of wrong receavde tavenge himselfe by fight.  
Even as two thunderboltes throwne downe out of the skye,  
That through the ayre, the massy earth, and seas, have powre to  
flye ;

So

## ROMEUS AND JULIET.

So met these two, and whyle they chaunge a blowe or twayne,  
Our Romeus thrust him through the throte, and so is Tybalt  
slayne.

Loe here the end of those that styrre a dedly stryfe!  
Who thyrsteth after other's death, him selfe hath lost his lyfe.  
The Capilets are quaylde by Tybalt's overthrowe,  
The courage of the Montagewes by Romeus' fight doth growe.  
The townesmen waxen strong, the Prince doth send his force;  
The fray hath end. The Capilets do bring the bretheles corce  
Before the prince, and crave that cruell dedly payne  
May be the guerdon of his falt, that hath theyr kinsman slayne.  
The Montagewes do pleade theyr Romeus voyde of falt;  
The lookers on do say, the fight begonne was by Tybalt.  
The prince doth pawse, and then geves sentence in a while,  
That Romeus, for sleying him, should goe into exyle.  
His foes woulde have him hangde, or sterve in prison strong;  
His frends do think, but dare not say, that Romeus hath wrong.  
Both households straight are charged on payne of losing lyfe,  
Theyr bloody weapons layd aside, to cease the styrred stryfe.  
This common plage is spred through all the towne anon;  
From side to side the towne is fild with murmur and with mone.  
For Tybalt's hasty death bewayled was of somme,  
Both for his skill in feates of armes, and for, in time to come  
He should, had this not chaunced, been riche and of great powre,  
To helpe his frends, and serve the state; which hope within an  
howre

Was wasted quite, and he, thus yelding up his breath,  
More than he holpe the towne in lyfe, hath harmde it by his  
death.

And other somme bewayle, but ladies most of all,  
The lookeles lot by Fortune's gylt that is so late befall,  
Without his falt, unto the seely Romeus;  
For whilst that he from natife land shall live exyled thus,  
From heavenly bewtie's light and his well shaped parts,  
The sight of which was wont, fayre dames, to glad your youth-  
full harts,

Shall you be banishd quite, and tyll he do retoorne,  
What hope have you to joy, what hope to cease to moorne?  
This Romeus was borne so much in heaven's grace,  
Of Fortune and of Nature so beloved, that in his face  
(Beside the heavenly bewty gliftring ay so bright,  
And seemely grace that wonted so to glad the seer's sight)  
A certain charme was graved by Nature's secret arte,  
That vertue had to draw to it the love of many a hart.  
So every one doth wish to beare a part of payne,  
That he releas'd of exyle might straight retoorne agayne.  
But how doth moorne emong the moorners Juliet!  
How doth she bathe her brest in teares! what depe fighes doth she  
fet! How



How doth she tear her heare ! her weede how doth she rent !  
 How fares the lover hearing of her lover's banishment !  
 How wayles she Tybalt's death, whom she had loved so well !  
 Her hearty greefe and piteous plaint, cunning I want to tell.  
 For delving depely now in depth of depe dyspayre,  
 With wretched sorrowe's cruell sound she fils the empty ayre ;  
 And to the lowest hell downe falls her heavy crye,  
 And up unto the heaven's haight her piteous plaint doth flye.  
 The waters and the woods of sighes and sobs resounde,  
 And from the hard resounding rockes her sorrowes do rebounde.  
 Eke from her teary eyne downe rayned many a showre,  
 That in the garden where she walkd might water herbe and flowre.  
 But when at length she saw her selfe outraged so,  
 Unto her chaumber straight she hide ; there, overcharged with woe,  
 Upon her stately bed her painfull parts she threw,  
 And in so wondrous wise began her sorrowes to renewe,  
 That sure no hart so hard (but it of flynt had byn,)  
 But would have rude the piteous playnt that she did languishe in.  
 Then rapt out of her selfe, whilst she on every side  
 Did cast her restles eye, at length the windowe she espide,  
 Through which she had with joy seene Romeus many a time,  
 Which oft the ventrous knight was wont for Juliet's sake to  
 clyme.

She cryde, O curfed windowe ! acurst be every pane,  
 Through which, alas ! to sone I raught the cause of life and bane,  
 If by thy meane I have some slight delight receaved,  
 Or els such fading pleasure as by Fortune straight was reaved,  
 Hast thou not made me pay a tribute rigorous  
 Of heaped greefe and lasting care, and sorowes dolorous ?  
 That these my tender parts, which nedeful strength do lacke  
 To bear so great unweldy lode upon so weake a backe,  
 Opprest with waight of cares and with these sorowes rife,  
 At length must open wide to death the gates of lothed lyfe ;  
 That so my wery sprite may somme where els unlode  
 His deadly loade, and free from thrall may seeke els where abode ;  
 For pleasant quiet ease and for assured rest,  
 Which I as yet could never finde but for my more unrest ?  
 O Romeus, when first we both acquainted were,  
 When to thy painted promises I lent my listning eare,  
 Which to the brinkes you fild with many a solemne othe,  
 And I then judgde empty of gyle, and fraughted full of troth,  
 I thought you rather would continue our good will,  
 And seeke tappease our father's strife, which daily groweth still.  
 I little wend you would have fought occasion how  
 By such an heynous act to breake the peace and eke your vowe ;  
 Whereby your bright renoune all whole yclipsed is,  
 And I unhappy, husbandles, of cumfort robde and blisse.

But

But if you did so much the blood of Capels thyrist,  
Why have you often spared myne? myne might have quencht it  
fyrst.

Synce that so many times and in so secret place,  
Where you were wont with vele of love to hyde your hatred's  
face,

My doutful lyfe hath hapt by fatall dome to stand  
In mercy of your cruel hart, and of your bloudy hand.  
What! seemde the conquest which you got of me so small?  
What! seemde it not enough that I, poor wretch, was made your  
thrall?

But that you must increase it with that kinsman's blood,  
Which for his woorth and love to me, most in my favour stood?  
Well, goe hencefoorth els where, and seeke an other whyle  
Some other as unhappy as I, by flattery to begyle.

And, where I comme, see that you shonne to shew your face,  
For your excuse within my hart shall finde no resting place.

And I that now, too late, my former fault repent,  
Will so the rest of verry life with many teares lament,  
That soon my joyceles corps shall yeld up banishd breath,  
And where on earth it restles lived, in earth seeke rest by death.

These sayd, her tender hart, by payne oppressed fore,  
Restraynd her teares, and forced her tong to kepe her talke in store;  
And then as still she was, as if in fownd she lay,

And then againe, wroth with herselfe, with feble voyce gan say:

"Ah cruell murdering tong, murdrer of others fame,  
How durst thou once attempt to tooch the honor of his name?  
Whose dedly foes do yeld him dew and erved prayse;  
For though his freedom be bereft, his honour not decayes.  
Why blamst thou Romeus for slaying of Tybalt,  
Since he is gyltles quite of all, and Tibalt beares the salt?  
Whether shall he, alas! poore banishd man, now flye?  
What place of succour shall he seeke beneth the starry skye?  
Since she pursueth hym, and him defames by wrong,  
That in distres should be his fort, and onely rampier strong.  
Receve the recompence, O Romeus, of thy wife,  
Who, for she was unkind her selfe, doth offer up her life,  
In flames of yre, in fighes, in sorow and in ruth,  
So to revenge the crime she did commit against thy truth."  
These said, she could no more; her senses all gan fayle,  
And dedly panges began straightway her tender hart assayle;  
Her limmes she stretched forth, she drew no more her breath:  
Who had been there might well have seen the signes of present  
death.

The nurse that knew no cause why she absented her,  
Did doute lest that somme sodayn greefe too much tormented her.  
Eche where but where she was, the carefull beldam sought,  
Last, of the chamber where she lay she happily her bethought;

Where



Where she with piteous eye her nurce-child did beholde,  
 Her limmes stretched out, her utward parts as any marble colde.  
 The nurce supposde that she had payde to death her det,  
 And then, as she had lost her wittes, she cryde to Juliet:  
 Ah! my dere hart, quoth she, how greveth me thy death!  
 Alas! what cause hast thou thus sone to yeld up living breath?  
 But while she handled her, and chafed every part,  
 She knew there was some sparke of life by beating of her hart,  
 So that a thousand times she cald upon her name;  
 There is no way to helpe a traunce but she hath tride the same:  
 She openeth wyde her mouth, she stoppeth close her nose,  
 She bendeth downe her brest, she wringeth her fingers and her  
 toes,

And on her bosome cold she layeth clothes hot;  
 A warmed and a holesome juyce she powreth down her throte.  
 At length doth Juliet heave faintly up her eyes,  
 And then she stretcheth forth her arme, and then her nurce she  
 spydes.

But when she was awakde from her unkindly traunce,  
 "Why dost thou trouble me, quoth she, what drave thee, with  
 mischaunce,

To come to see my sprite forsake my bretheles corse?  
 Go hence, and let me dye, if thou have on my smart remorse.  
 For who would see her frend to live in dedly payne?  
 Alas! I see my greefe begonne for ever will remayne.  
 Or who would seeke to live, all pleasure being past?  
 My myrth is donne, my moorning mone for ay is like to last.  
 Wherefore since that there is none other remedy,  
 Comme gentle death, and ryve my heart at once, and let me dye."  
 The nurce with trickling teares, to witnes inward smart,  
 With holow sigh fetchd from the depth of her appauled hart,  
 Thus spake to Juliet, y-clad with ougly care:  
 Good lady myne, I do not know what makes you thus to fare;  
 Ne yet the cause of your unmeasurde heaviness.  
 But of this one I you assure, for care and sorowe's stresse,  
 This hower large and more I thought, so God me save,  
 That my dead corps should wayte on yours to your untimely grave.  
 Alas, my tender nurce, and trusty frende, (quoth she)  
 Art thou so blinde that with thine eye thou can'st not easely see  
 The lawfull cause I have to sorow and to moorne,  
 Since those the which I hyld most deere, I have at once forlorne.  
 Her nurce then aunswared thus—"Methinkes it fits you yll  
 To fall in these extremities that may you gyltles spill.  
 For when the stormes of care and troubles do aryse,  
 Then is the time for men to know the foolish from the wise.  
 You are accounted wise, a foole am I your nurce;  
 But I see not how in like case I could behave me wurse.

Tybalt your frend is ded ; what, weene you by your teares  
 To call him backe againe ? thinke you that he your crying heares ?  
 You shall perceve the falt, if it be justly tryde,  
 Of his so sodayn death was in his rashnes and his pryde.  
 Would you that Romeus him selfe had wronged so,  
 To suffer him selfe causeles to be outraged of his foe,  
 To whom in no respect he ought a place to geve ?  
 Let it suffice to thee, fayre dame, that Romeus doth live,  
 And that there is good hope that he, within a while,  
 With greater glory shall be calde home from his hard exile.  
 How well y-born he is, thyselfe I know canst tell,  
 By kindred strong, and well alyed, of all beloved well.  
 With patience arme thyselfe, for though that Fortune's cryme,  
 Without your falt, to both your greefes, depart you for a time,  
 I dare say, for amendes of all your present payne,  
 She will restore your owne to you, within a month or twayne,  
 With such contented ease as never erst you had ;  
 Wherefore rejoyce a while in hope, and be no more so sad.  
 And that I may discharge your hart of heavy care,  
 A certaine way I have found out, my paynes ne will I spare,  
 To learne his present state, and what in time to comme  
 He mindes to doe ; which knowne by me, you shall know all and  
 somme.

But that I dread the whilst your sorowes will you quell,  
 Straight would I hye where he doth lurke, to fryer Lawrence' cell.  
 But if you gyn est sones, as erst you did, to moorne,  
 Whereto goe I ? you will be ded, before I thence retoorne.  
 So I shall spend in waste my time and busy payne,  
 So unto you, your life once lost, good aunswere comes in vayne ;  
 So shall I ridde my selfe with this sharpe pointed knyfe,  
 So shall you cause your parents deere wax wery of theyr life ;  
 So shall your Romeus, despising lively breath,  
 With hasty foote, before his time, ronne to untimely death.  
 Where, if you can a while by reason rage suppressse,  
 I hope at my retorne to bring the salve of your distresse.  
 Now choose to have me here a partner of your payne,  
 Or promise me to feede on hope till I retorne agayne.

Her mistres sendes her forth, and makes a grave behest  
 With reason's rayne to rule the thoughts that rage within her  
 brest.

When hugy heapes of harmes are heaped before her eyes,  
 Then vanish they by hope of scape ; and thus the lady lyes  
 Twixt well-assured trust, and doutfull lewd dyspayre :  
 Now blacke and ougly be her thoughts ; now seeme they white  
 and fayre.

As oft in summer tide blacke cloudes do dimme the sonne,  
 And straight againe in clearest skye his restles steedes do ronne ;



So Juliet's wandering mind y-clouded is with woe,  
And by and by her hasty thought the woes doth overgoe.

But now is tyme to tell, whilst she was tossed thus,  
What windes did drive or haven did hold her lover Romeus.  
When he had slayne his foe that gan this dedly strife,  
And saw the furious fray had ende by ending Tybalt's life,  
He fled the sharpe revenge of those that yet did live,  
And douting much what penal doome the troubled prince might  
gyve,

He fought somewhere unseene to lurke a littel space,  
And trusty Lawrence' secret cell he thought the surest place.  
In doutfull happe aye best a trusty frend is tryde;  
The frendly frier in this distresse doth graunt his frend to hyde.  
A secret place he hath, well seeled round about,  
The mouth of which so close is shut, that none may finde it out;  
But roome there is to walke, and place to sit and rest,  
Beside a bed to sleape upon, full soft, and trimly drest.  
The flowre is planked so, with mattes it is so warme,  
That neither winde nor smoky damps have powre him ought to  
harne.

Where he was wont in youth his fayre frends to bestowe,  
There now he hydeth Romeus, whilst forth he go'th to knowe  
Both what is said and donne, and what appoynted payne  
Is published by trumpet's sound; then home he hyes agayne.

By this unto his cell the nurce with spedy pace  
Was comme the neresst way; she sought no ydel resting place.  
The fryer sent home the newes of Romeus' certain helth,  
And promise made (what so befell) he should that night by stelth  
Comme to his wonted place, that they in nedefull wise  
Of theyr affayres in time to comme might thoroughly devise.  
Those joyfull newes the nurce brought home with merry joy;  
And now our Juliet joyes to thinke she shall her love enjoy.  
The fryer shuts fast his doore, and then to him beneth,  
That waytes to heare the doutefull newes of life or else of death,  
Thy hap (quoth he) is good, daunger of death is none,  
But thou shalt live, and do full well, in spite of spitefull fone.  
This only payne for thee was erst proclaymde aloude,  
A banishd man, thou mayst thee not within Verona shrowde.

These heavy tidinges heard, his golden lockes he tare,  
And like a franticke man hath torne the garments that he ware.  
And as the smitten deere in brakes is waltring found,  
So waltreth he, and with his brest doth beate the troden grounde.  
He riseth eft, and strikes his hed against the wals,  
He falleth downe agayne, and lowde for hasty death he cals.  
"Come spedy death, quoth he, the readiest leache in love,  
Synce nought can els beneth the funne the ground of greefe re-  
move.

Of lothsome life breake downe the hated staggering staves,  
 Destroy, destroy at once the life that fayntly yet decayes.  
 But you, fayre dame, in whom dame Nature did devise  
 With cunning hand to woorke that might seeme wondrous in our  
 eyes,

For you, I pray the gods, your pleasures to increafe,  
 And all mishap, with this my death, for evermore to cease.  
 And mighty Jove with speede of justice bring them lowe,  
 Whose lofty pryde, without our gylt, our blisse doth overblowe.  
 And Cupid graunt to those theyr spedy wrongs' redresse,  
 That shall bewayle my cruell death and pity her distresse."  
 Therewith a cloude of fighes he breathd into the skies,  
 And two great streames of bitter teares ran from his swowlen eyes.  
 These thinges the auncient fryer with sorrow saw and heard,  
 Of such beginning eke the end the wiseman greatly feard.  
 But lo! he was so weake by reason of his age,  
 That he ne could by force repress the rigour of his rage.  
 His wife and frendly woordes he speaketh to the ayre,  
 For Romeus so vexed is with care, and with dispayre,  
 That no advice can perce his close forstopped eares,  
 So now the fryer doth take his part in shedding ruthfull teares.  
 With colour pale and wan, with armes full hard y-fold,  
 With wofull cheere his wayling frende he standeth to beholde.  
 And then our Romeus with tender handes y-wrong,  
 With voyce with plaint made horce, with sobs, and with a fal-  
 tring tong,

Renewd with novel mone the dolours of his hart;  
 His outward dreery cheere bewrayde his store of inward smart.  
 Fyrst Nature did he blame, the author of his lyfe,  
 In which his joyes had been so scant, and sorowes ay so rife;  
 The time and place of byrth he feerly did reprove,  
 He cryed out with open mouth against the starres above:  
 The fatall sisters three, he said, had donne him wrong,  
 The threed that should not have been sponne, they had drawne  
 forth too long.

He wished that he had before his time been borne,  
 Or that as soone as he wan light, his lyfe he had forlorne.  
 His nurce he cursed, and the hand that gave him pappe,  
 The midwife eke with tender grype that held him in her lappe;  
 And then did he complaine on Venus' cruell sonne,  
 Who led him first unto the rockes which he should warely shonne:  
 By meane whereof he lost both lyfe and libertie,  
 And dyed a hundred times a day, and yet could never dye.  
 Love's troubles lasten long, the joyes he gives are short;  
 He forceth not a lover's payne, theyr earnest is his sport.  
 A thousand thinges and more I here let passe to write  
 Which unto love this wofull man dyd speake in great despite.

On



On Fortune eke he raylde, he calde her deafe, and blynde,  
 Unconstant, fond, deceitfull, rashe, unruthfull, and unkynd.  
 And to himselfe he layd a great part of the falt,  
 For that he slewe and was not slaine, in fighting with Tibalt.  
 He blamed all the world, and all he did defye,  
 But Juliet for whom he lived, for whom eke would he dye.  
 When after raging fits appeased was his rage,  
 And when his passions, powred forth, gan partly to asswage,  
 So wisely did the fryre unto his tale replye,  
 That he straight cared for his life, that erst had care to dye.  
 " Art thou (quoth he) a man? thy shape saith, so thou art;  
 Thy crying, and thy weeping eyes denote a woman's hart.  
 For manly reason is quite from of thy mynd out-chased,  
 And in her stead affections lewd and fancies highly placed:  
 So that I floode in doute, this howre at the least,  
 If thou a man or woman wert, or els a brutish beast.  
 A wise man in the midst of troubles and distress  
 Still standes not wayling present harme, but seekes his harme's  
 redres.

As when the winter flawes with dredful noyse arise,  
 And heave the fomy swelling waves up to the stary skyes,  
 So that the broosed barke in cruell seas betost,  
 Dispayreth of the happy haven, in daunger to be lost,  
 The pylate bold at helme, cries, mates strike now your sayle,  
 And tornes her stemme into the waves that strongly her assaile;  
 Then driven hard upon the bare and wrackefull shore,  
 In greater daunger to be wrackt than he had been before,  
 He seeth his ship full right against the rocke to ronne,  
 But yet he dooth what lyeth in him the perlous rocke to shonne;  
 Sometimes the beaten boate, by cunning government,  
 The ancors lost, the cables broke, and all the tackle spent,  
 The roder smitten of, and over-boord the mast,  
 Doth win the long-desyred porte, the stormy daunger past:  
 But if the master dread, and overprest with woe  
 Begin to wring his handes, and lets the gyding rodder goe,  
 The ship rents on the rocke, or sinketh in the deepe,  
 And eke the coward drenched is:—So, if thou still beweepe  
 And seke not how to helpe the chaunges that do chaunce,  
 Thy cause of sorow shall increase, thou cause of thy mischaunce.  
 Other account thee wise, prove not thyself a foole;  
 Now put in practise lessons learned of old in wisdom's schoole.  
 The wise man saith, beware thou double not thy payne,  
 For one perhaps thou mayst abyde, but hardly suffer twayne.  
 As well we ought to seeke thinges hurtfull to decrease,  
 As to indevor helping thinges by study to increase.  
 The prayse of trew fredom in wisdom's bondage lyes,  
 He winneth blame whose deedes be fonde, although his woords  
 be wise.

Sicknes the bodie's gayle, greefe, gayle is of the mynd ;  
If thou canst scape from heavy greefe, true freedome shalt thou  
finde.

Fortune can fill nothing so full of hearty greefe,  
But in the same a constant mynd finds solace and releefe.  
Vertue is alwaies thrall to troubles and annoye,  
But wisdom in aduersitie findes cause of quiet joye.  
And they most wretched are that know no wretchednes,  
And after great extremity mishaps ay waxen lesse.  
Like as there is no weale but wastes away sometime,  
So every kynd of wayled woe will weare away in time.  
If thou wilt master quite the troubles that thee spill,  
Endeavor first by reason's help to master witles will.  
A fondry medson hath eche fondry faynt discase,  
But patience, a common salve, to every wound geves ease.  
The world is alway full of chaunces and of chaunge,  
Wherefore the chaunge of chance must not seem to a wise man  
straunge.

For tickel Fortune doth, in chaunging, but her kind,  
But all her chaunges cannot chaunge a steady constant mynd.  
Though wavering Fortune toorne from thee her smyling face,  
And sorow seke to set himsele in banishd pleasure's place,  
Yet may thy marred state be mended in a whyle,  
And she estones that frowneth now, with pleasant cheere shall  
smyle.

For as her happy state no long while standeth sure,  
Even so the heavy plight she brings, not alwayes doth endure.  
What nede so many words to thee that art so wyse ?  
Thou better canst advise thy selfe, then I can thee advise.  
Wisdome, I see, is vayne, if thus in time of neede  
A wiseman's wit unpractised doth stand him in no steede.  
I know thou hast some cause of sorow and of care,  
But well I wot thou hast no cause thus frantickly to fare.  
Affection's foggy mist thy febled sight doth blynd ;  
But if that reason's beames againe might shine into thy mynd,  
If thou wouldst view thy state with an indifferent eye,  
I thinke thou wouldst condemne thy plaint, thy fighting, and thy  
crye.

With valiant hand thou madest thy foe yeld up his breth,  
Thou hast escaped his sword and eke the lawes that threaten death.  
By thy escape thy frendes are fraughted full of joy,  
And by his death thy deadly foes are laden with annoy.  
Wilt thou with trusty frendes of pleasure take some part ?  
Or els to please thy hatefull foes be partner of theyr smart ?  
Why cryest thou out on love ? why dost thou blame thy fate ?  
Why dost thou so crye after death ? thy life why dost thou hate ?  
Dost thou repent the choyse that thou so late dydst choose ?  
Love is thy lord ; thou oughtst obey and not thy prince accuse.  
For



For thou hast found, thou knowest, great favour in his sight,  
He graunted thee, at thy request, thy onely hart's delight.  
So that the gods invyde the blisse thou livedst in ;  
To geve to such unthankfull men is folly and a sin.  
Methinke I hear thee say, the cruell banishment  
Is onely cause of thy unrest ; onely thou dost lament  
That from thy natife land and frendes thou must depart,  
Enforst to flye from her that hath the keeping of thy hart :  
And so opprest with waight of smart that thou dost feele,  
Thou dost complaine of Cupid's brand, and Fortune's turning  
wheele.

Unto a valiant hart there is no banyshment,  
All countreys are his native soyle beneath the firmament.  
As to the fish the sea, as to the fowle the ayre,  
So is like pleasant to the wise eche place of his repayre.  
Though forward Fortune chase thee hence into exile,  
With doubled honor shall she call thee home within a while.  
Admit thou shouldst abyde abroad a year or twayne,  
Should so short absence cause so long and eke so greivous payne ?  
Though thou ne mayst thy frendes here in Verona see,  
They are not banishd Mantua, where safely thou mayst be.  
Thether they may resort, though thou resort not hether,  
And there in suretie may you talke of your affayres together.  
Yea, but this while, alas ! thy Juliet must thou misse,  
The only pillar of thy health, and ancor of thy blisse.  
Thy heart thou leavest with her, when thou doest hence depart,  
And in thy brest inclosed bear'st her tender frendly hart.  
But if thou rew so much to leave the rest behinde,  
With thought of passed joyes content thy discontented minde ;  
So shall the mone decrease wherewith thy mind doth melt,  
Compared to the heavenly joyes which thou hast often felt.  
He is too nyse a weakeling that shrinketh at a showre,  
And he unworthy of the sweete, that tasteth not the sowre.  
Call now agayne to mynd thy fyrst consuming flame ;  
How didst thou vainely burne in love of an unloving dame ?  
Hadst thou not wel nigh wept quite out thy swelling eyne ?  
Did not thy parts, fordoon with payne, languishe away and pyne ?  
Those greefes and others like were happily overpast,  
And thou in haight of Fortune's wheele well placed at the last ;  
From whence thou art now falne, that, rayfed up agayne,  
With greater joy a greater whyle in pleasure mayst thou raigne.  
Compare the present while with times y-past before,  
And thinke that fortune hath for thee great pleasure yet in store.  
The whilst, this little wrong receve thou patiently,  
And what of force must needes be done, that do thou willingly.  
Folly it is to feare that thou canst not avoyde,  
And madnes to desyre it much that cannot be enjoyde.

To geve to Fortune place, not aye deserveth blame,  
But skill it is, according to the times thy selfe to frame."

Whilst to this skilfull lore he lent his listning eares,  
His sighes are stopt, and stopped are the conduyts of his teares,  
As blackest cloudes are chased by winter's nimble wynde,  
So have his reasons chased care out of his carefull mynde.  
As of a morning fowle ensues an evening fayre,  
So banisht hope returneth home to banish his despayre.  
Now is affection's veale removed from his eyes,  
He seeth the path that he must walke, and reason makes him wise.  
For very shame the blood doth flashe in both his cheekes,  
He thanks the father for his love, and farther ayde he seekes,  
He sayth, that skilles youth for counsell is unfitte,  
And anger oft with hastines are joynd to want of witte;  
But sound advise aboundes in hides with horish heares,  
For wisdom is by practise wonne, and perfect made by yeares.  
But aye from this time forth his ready-bending will  
Shal be in awe and governed by fryer Lawrence' skill.

The governor is now right carefull of his charge,  
To whom he doth wisely discoorse of his assayres at large.  
He tells him how he shall depart the towne unknowne,  
(Both mindful of his frendes safetie, and carefull of his owne)  
How he shall gyde himselfe, how he shall seeke to winne  
The frendship of the better sort, how warely to crepe in  
The favour of the Mantuan prince, and how he may  
Appease the wrath of Escalus, and wipe the fault away;  
The choller of his foes by gentle meanes tassuage,  
Or els by force and practises to bridle quite theyr rage:  
And last he chargeth him at his appoynted howre  
To goe with manly mery cheere unto his ladie's bowre;  
And there with holesome woordes to salve her sorowe's smart,  
And to revive, if nede require, her faint and dying hart.

The old man's words have fill'd with joy our Romeus' brest,  
And eke the old wyve's talke hath set our Juliet's hart at rest.  
Whereto may I compare, o lovers, thys your day?  
Like dayes the painefull mariners are wonted to assay;  
For, beat with tempest great, when they at length espye  
Some little beame of Phœbus' light, that perceth through the skie,  
To cleare the shadowde earth by clearenes of his face,  
They hope that dreadles they shall ronne the remnant of theyr  
race;

Yea they assure them selfe, and quite behind theyr backe  
They cast all doute, and thanke the gods for scaping of the  
wracke;

But straight the boysterous windes with greater fury blowe,  
And over boord the broken mast the stormy blastes doe throwe;  
The heavens large are clad with cloudes as darke as hell,  
And twice as hye the striving waves begin to roare and swell;

With



With greater daunger's dred the men are vexed more,  
In greater perill of theyr lyfe then they had been before.

The golden sonne was gonne to lodge him in the west,  
The full moon eke in yonder south had sent most men to rest;  
When restles Romeus and restles Juliet  
In woonted sort, by woonted meane, in Juliet's chaumber met,  
And from the window's top downe had he leaped scarce,  
When she with armes outstretched wide so hard did him embrace,  
That wel nigh had the sprite (not forced by dedly force)  
Flowne unto death, before the time abandoning the corce.  
Thus muet stode they both the eyght part of an howre,  
And both would speake, but neither had of speaking any powre;  
But on his brest her hed doth joylesse Juliet lay,  
And on her slender necke his chyn doth ruthfull Romeus stay.  
Theyr scalding sighes ascend, and by theyr checkes downe fall  
Theyr trickling teares, as christall cleare, but bitterer far then  
gall.

Then he, to end the greefe which both they lived in,  
Dyd kisse his love, and wisely thus hys tale he dyd begin:

" My Juliet, my love, my onely hope and care,  
To you I purpose not as now with length of woordes declare  
The diverienes and eke the accidents so straunge  
Of frayle unconstant Fortune, that delyteth still in chaunge;  
Who in a moment heaves her frendes up to the height  
Of her swift-turning slippery wheele, then fleetes her frendship  
straight.

O wondrous chaunge! even with the twinkling of an eye  
Whom erst her selfe had rashly set in pleasant place so hye,  
The same in great despyte downe hedlong doth she throwe,  
And while she treads, and spurneth at the lofty state layde lowe,  
More sorow doth she shape within an hower's space,  
Than pleasure in an hundred yeares; so geyson is her grace.  
The prooffe whereof in me, alas! too playne apperes,  
Whom tenderly my carefull frendes have fosterd with my feeres,  
In prosperous hygh degree, mayntained so by fate,  
That, as your selfe dyd see, my foes envye my noble state.  
One thing there was I did above the rest desyre,  
To which as to the soveraign good by hope I would aspyre,  
That by our mariage meane we might within a while  
(To work our perfect happenes) our parents reconcile:  
That safely so we might, not stopt by sturdy strife,  
Unto the bounds that God hath set, gyde forth our pleasant lyfe.  
But now, alacke! too soone my blisse is over-blowne,  
And upside downe my purpose and my enterpryse are throwne.  
And driven from my frendes, of straungers must I crave  
(O graunt it God!) from daunger's dread that I may suretie have,  
For loe, henceforth I must wander in landes unknowne,  
(So hard I finde the prince's doome) exyled from myne owne.

Which

Which thing I have thought good to set before your eyes,  
 And to exhort you now to proove yourselfe a woman wise;  
 That patiently you beare my absent long abod,  
 For what above by fatall doome decreed is, that God —”  
 And more than this to say, it seemed, he was bent,  
 But Juliet in dedly greefe, with brackish teares besprent,  
 Brake of his tale begonne, and whilst his speech he stayde,  
 These selfe same woordes, or like to these, with dreery cheere she  
 sayde:

“ Why Romeus, can it be, thou hast so hard a hart,  
 So farre removed from ruth, so farre from thinking on my smart,  
 To leave me thus alone, thou cause of my distresse,  
 Beseged with so great a campe of mortall wretchednesse;  
 That every howre now and moment in a day  
 A thousand times Death bragges, as he would reave my lyfe away?  
 Yet such is my mishap, O cruell destynye!  
 That still I lyve, and wish for death, but yet can never dye.  
 So that just cause I have to thinke, as seemeth me,  
 That froward Fortune did of late with cruell Death agree,  
 To lengthen lothed lyfe, to pleasure in my payne,  
 And triumph in my harme, as in the greatest hoped gayne.  
 And thou, the instrument of Fortune's cruell will,  
 Without whose ayde she can no way her tyrans lust fulfill,  
 Art not a whit ashamde (as farre as I can see)  
 To cast me of, when thou hast culld the better part of me.  
 Whereby alas! to soone, I, feely wretch, do prove,  
 That all the auncient sacred laws of frendship and of love  
 Are quelde and quenched quite, since he on whom alway  
 My cheefe hope and my steady trust was woonted still to stay,  
 For whom I am become unto myselfe a foe,  
 Disdayneth me, his stedfast frend, and skornes my frendship so.  
 Nay Romeus, nay, thou mayst of two things choose the one,  
 Eyther to see thy castaway, as soone as thou art gone,  
 Hedlong to throw her selfe downe from the windowe's haight,  
 And so to breake her slender necke with all the bodie's waight,  
 Or suffer her to be companion of thy payne,  
 Where so thou go (Fortune thy gyde), tyll thou retourne agayne,  
 So wholly into thine transformed is my hart,  
 That even as oft as I do thinke that thou and I shall part,  
 So oft, methinkes, my lyfe withdrawes it selfe awaye,  
 Which I retaine to no end els but to the end I may  
 In spite of all thy foes thy present partes enjoye,  
 And in distres to beare with thee the halfe of thine annoye.  
 Wherefore, in humble sort, Romeus, I make request,  
 If ever tender pity yet were lodgde in gentle brest,  
 O, let it now have place to rest within thy hart;  
 Receive me as thy servant, and the fellow of thy smart:

Thy



Thy absence is my death, thy fight shall geve me lyfe.  
 But if perhaps thou stand in dred to lead me as a wyfe,  
 Art thou all counsellesse? canst thou no shift devise?  
 What letteth but in other weede I may my selfe disguyse?  
 What, shall I be the first? hath none done so ere this,  
 To scape the bondage of theyr frends? thyselfe can aunswer, yes,  
 Or dost thou stand in doute that I thy wife ne can  
 By service pleasure thee as much, as may thy hyred man?  
 Or is my loyalte of both accompted lesse?  
 Perhaps thou fear'st lest I for gayne forsake thee in distresse.  
 What! hath my bewty now no powre at all on you,  
 Whose brightnes, force, and prayse, sometime up to the skyes  
 you blew?  
 My teares, my frendship and my pleasures donne of olde,  
 Shall they be quite forgote in dede?"—When Romeus dyd be-  
 hold

The wildnes of her looke, her cooler pale and ded,  
 The woorst of all that might betyde to her, he gan to dred;  
 And once agayne he dyd in armes his Juliet take,  
 And kist her with a loving kyffe, and thus to her he spake:

Ah Juliet, (quoth he) the mistres of my hart,  
 For whom, even now, thy servant doth abyde in dedly smart,  
 Even for the happy dayes which thou desyrest to see,  
 And for the fervent frendship's sake that thou dost owe to mee,  
 At once these fanfies vayne out of thy mynd roote out,  
 Except, perhaps, unto thy blame, thou fondly go about  
 To hasten forth my death, and to thine owne to ronne,  
 Which Nature's law and wisdom's lore teach every wight to  
 shonne.

For, but thou change thy mynde, (I do foretell the end)  
 Thou shalt undoo thyselfe for aye, and me thy trusty frend.  
 For why?—thy absence knowne, thy father will be wroth,  
 And in his rage so narrowly he will pursue us both,  
 That we shall trye in vayne to scape away by flight,  
 And vainely seeke a looking place to hyde us from his fight.  
 Then we, found out and caught, quite voyde of strong defence,  
 Shall cruelly be punished for thy departure hence;  
 I as a ravisher, thou as a careles childe,  
 I as a man that doth defile, thou as a mayde defilde;  
 Thinking to lead in ease a long contented life,  
 Shall short our dayes by shamefull death:—but if, my loving wife,  
 Thou banish from thy mynde two foes that counsell hath,  
 (That wont to hinder sound advise) rashe hastines and wrath,  
 If thou be bent to obey the love of reason's skill,  
 And wisely by her princely powre suppress rebell will,  
 If thou our safetie seeke, more then thine owne delight,  
 (Since suretie standes in parting, and thy pleasures growe of  
 fight,)

Forbear

Forbeare the cause of joy, and suffer for a while,  
 So shall I safely live abroad, and safe torne from exile:  
 So shall no slander's blot thy spotles life distayne,  
 So shall thy kinsmen be unstyrd, and I exempt from payne.  
 And thinke thou not, that aye the cause of care shall last;  
 These stormy broyles shall over-blowe, much like a winter's blast.  
 For Fortune chaungeth more then fickle fantasie;  
 In nothing Fortune constant is save in unconstancie.  
 Her hasty ronning wheele is of a restles coorse,  
 That turnes the clymers hedlong downe, from better to the  
 woorse,

And those that are beneth the heaveth up agayne:  
 So we shall rise to pleasure's mount, out of the pit of payne.  
 Ere foure monthes overpasse, such order will I take,  
 And by my letters and my frendes such meanes I mynd to make,  
 That of my wandring race ended shal be the toyle,  
 And I cald home with honor great unto my native soyle.  
 But if I be condemnd to wander still in thrall,  
 I will returne to you, mine owne, befall what may befall.  
 And then by strength of frendes, and with a mighty hand,  
 From Verone will I carry thee into a foreign lande;  
 Not in man's weede disguysd, or as one scarcely knowne,  
 But as my wife and onely feere, in garment of thyne owne.  
 Wherefore repressse at once the passions of thy hart,  
 And where there is no cause of greefe, cause hope to heale thy  
 smart.

For of this one thyng thou may'st well assured bee,  
 That nothing els but onely death shall sunder me from thee."  
 The reasons that he made did seeme of so great waight,  
 And had with her such force, that she to him gan aunswere  
 straight.

"Deere Syr, nought els with I but to obey your will;  
 But sure where so you go, your hart with me shall tarry still,  
 As signe and certaine pledge, tyll here I shall you see,  
 Of all the powre that over you your selfe did graunt to me;  
 And in his stead take myne, the gage of my good will.—  
 One promesse crave I at your hand, that graunt me to fulfill;  
 Fayle not to let me have, at fryer Laurence hand,  
 The tydings of your health, and howe your doutfull case shall  
 stand.

And all the wery whyle that you shall spend abroad,  
 Cause me from time to time to know the place of your abode."  
 His eyes did gush out teares, a sigh brake from his brest,  
 When he did graunt and with an othe did vowe to kepe the best.

Thus these two lovers passe awaye the wery night,  
 In payne and plaint, not, as they wont, in pleasure and delight.  
 But now, somewhat too soone, in farthest east arose  
 Fayre Lucifer, the golden starre that lady Venus chose;

Whose



Whose course appoynted is with speedy race to runne,  
 A messenger of dawning daye, and of the rising sonne.  
 Then fresh Aurora with her pale and silver glade  
 Did cleare the skies, and from the earth had chased ougly shade.  
 When thou ne lookest wide, ne closely dost thou winke,  
 When Phœbus from our hemisphere in westerne wave doth sinke,  
 What cooler then the heavens do shew unto thine eyes,  
 The same, or like, saw Romeus in farthest easterne skies.  
 As yet he saw no day, ne could he call it night,  
 With equall force decreasing darke fought with increasing light.  
 Then Romeus in armes his lady gan to folde,  
 With frendly kisse, and ruthfully she gan her knight beholde.  
 With solemne othe they both theyr sorowfull leave do take;  
 They sweare no stormy troubles shall theyr steady frendship shake.  
 Then carefull Romeus agayne to cell retoornes,  
 And in her chaumber secretly our joyles Juliet moornes.  
 Now hugy cloudes of care, of sorow, and of dread,  
 The clearnes of theyr gladsome harts hath wholly overspread.  
 When golden-crested Phœbus bosleth him in skye,  
 And under earth, to scape revenge, his dedly foe doth flye,  
 Then hath these lovers' day an ende, theyr night begonne,  
 For eche of them to other is as to the world the sonne.  
 The dawning they shall see, ne sommer any more,  
 But black-faced night with winter rough ah! beaten over fore.  
 The very watch discharged did hie them home to slepe,  
 The warders, and the skowtes were charged theyr place and  
 course to kepe,  
 And Verone gates awide the porters had set open,  
 When Romeus had of hys assayres with fryer Lawrence spoken.  
 Warely he walked forth, unknowne of frend or foe,  
 Clad like a merchant venterer, from top even to the toe.  
 He spurd apace, and came, withouten stoppe or stay,  
 To Mantua gates, where lighted downe, he sent his man away  
 With woordes of comfort to his olde afflicted syre;  
 And straight, in mynde to sojourne there, a lodging doth he hyre.  
 And with the nobler sort he doth himselfe acquaynt,  
 And of his open wrong receaved the duke doth heare his playnt.  
 He practiseth by frendes for pardon of exile;  
 The whilst, he seeketh every way his sorowes to begyle.  
 But who forgets the cole that burneth in his brest?  
 Alas! his cares denye his hart the sweete defyred rest.  
 No time findes he of myrth, he fyndes no place of joy,  
 But every thing occasion gives of sorowe and annoye.  
 For when in toorning skyes the heavens' lamps are light,  
 And from the other hemisphere fayre Phœbus chafeth night,  
 When every man and beast hath rest from paynfull toyle,  
 Then in the brest of Romeus his passions gin to boyle.

Then

Then doth he wet with teares the cowche whereon he lyes,  
 And then his sighes the chaumber fill, and out aloude he cries  
 Against the restles starres in rolling skies that raunge,  
 Against the fatall sisters three, and Fortune full of chaunge.  
 Eche night a thousand times he calleth for the day,  
 He thinketh Titan's restles steedes of restines do stay;  
 Or that at length they have some bayting place found out,  
 Or, gyded yll, have lost theyr way and wandred farre about.  
 While thus in ydell thoughts the wery time he spendeth,  
 The night hath end, but not with night the plaint of night he  
 endeth.

Is he accompanied? is he in place alone?  
 In cumpany he wayles his harme, apart he maketh mone.  
 For if his feeres rejoyce, what cause hath he to joy,  
 That wanteth still his cheefe delight, while they theyr loves en-  
 joye?

But if with heavy cheere they shew their inward greefe,  
 He wayleth most his wretchedness that is of wretches cheefe.  
 When he doth heare abroad the prayse of ladies blowne,  
 Within his thought he scorneth them, and doth prefer his owne.  
 When pleasant songes he heares, while others do rejoyce,  
 The melody of musicke doth styrre up his mourning voyce.  
 But if in secrete place he walke some where alone,  
 The place it selfe and secretnes redoubleth all his mone.  
 Then speakes he to the beastes, to feathered fowles and trees,  
 Unto the earth, the cloudes, and what so beside he sees.  
 To them he sheweth his smart, as though they reason had,  
 Eche thing may cause his heaviness, but nought may make him  
 glad.

And wery of the world agayne he calleth night,  
 The sunne he curseth, and the howre when first his eyes saw light.  
 And as the night and day theyr course do enterchaunge.  
 So doth our Romeus nightly cares for cares of day exchange.

In absence of her knight the lady no way could  
 Kepe trewce betweene her greefes and her, though nere so fayne  
 she would;

And though with greater payne she cloked sorowe's smart,  
 Yet did her paled face disclose the passions of her hart.  
 Her sighing every howre, her weeping every where,  
 Her recheles heede of meate, of slepe, and wearing of her geare,  
 The carefull mother markes; then of her health afrayde,  
 Because the greefes increased still, thus to her child she sayde:  
 Deere daughter, if you shoulde long languishe in this sort,  
 I stand in doute that over-soone your sorowes will make short  
 Your loving father's life and myne, that love you more  
 Then our owne propre breth and lyfe. Brydel henceforth there-  
 fore

Yours



Your greefe and payne, yourselfe on joy your thought to set,  
For time it is that now you should our Tybalt's death forget.  
Of whom since God hath claymd the life that was but lent,  
He is in blisse, ne is there cause why you should thus lament ;  
You cannot call him backe with teares and shrikinges shrill ;  
It is a fault thus still to grudge at God's appoynted will."  
The feely soule hath now no longer powre to fayne,  
No longer could she hide her harme, but aunswered thus agayne,  
With heavy broken fighes, with visage pale and ded :  
" Madame, the last of Tybalt's teares a great while since I shed ;  
Whose spring hath been ere this so laded out by me,  
That empty quite and moystureles I gesse it now to be.  
So that my payned hart by conduytes of the eyne  
No more henceforth (as wont it was) shall gush forth dropping  
bryne.

The wofull mother knew not what her daughter ment,  
And loth to vexe her chylde by woordes, her pace she warely hent.  
But when from howre to howre, from morow to the morow,  
Still more and more she saw increast her daughter's wonted sorrow,  
All meanes she sought of her and household folke to know  
The certain roote whereon her greefe and booteles mone doth  
growe.

But lo, she hath in vayne her time and labor lore,  
Wherefore without all measure is her hart tormented fore.  
And sith herselfe could not fynde out the cause of care,  
She thought it good to tell the syre how ill his childe did fare.  
And when she saw her time, thus to her feere she sayde :  
" Syr, if you marke our daughter well, the countenance of the  
mayde,

And how she fareth since that Tybalt unto death  
Before his time, forst by his foe, did yeld his living breath,  
Her face shall seeme so chaunged, her doynges eke so straunge,  
That you will greatly wonder at so great and sodain chaunge.  
Not onely she forbears her meate, her drinke and sleepe,  
But now she tendeth nothing els but to lament and weepe.  
No greater joy hath she, nothing contents her hart  
So much, as in the chaumber close to shut her selfe apart :  
Where she doth so torment her poore afflicted mynde,  
That much in daunger standes her lyfe, except some help she  
finde.

But, out alas ! I see not how it may be founde,  
Unlesse that fyrst we might fynd whence her sorowes thus  
abounde.

For though with busy care I have employde my wit,  
And used all the wayes I have to learne the truth of it,  
Neither extremitie ne gentle meanes could boote ;  
She hydeth close within her brest her secret sorowe's roote.

This

This was my fyrst conceite,—that all her ruth arose  
 Out of her coosin Tybalt's death, late slayne of dedly foes.  
 But now my hart doth hold a new repugnant thought;  
 Somme greater thing, not Tybalt's death, this chaunge in her hath  
 wrought.

Her selfe assured me that many days agoe  
 She shed the last of Tybalt's teares; which woords amafd me so  
 That I then could not gesse what thing els might her greeve:  
 But now at length I have bethought me; and I do beleve  
 The only crop and roote of all my daughter's payne  
 Is grudging envie's faynt disease; perhaps she doth disdayne  
 To see in wedlocke yoke the most part of her feeres,  
 Whilst only she unmarried doth lose so many yeres.  
 And more, perchaunce she thinkes you mynd to kepe her so;  
 Wherefore dispayring doth she weare her selfe away with woe.  
 Therefore, deere Syr, in tyme, take on your daughter ruth;  
 For why? a brickle thing is glasse, and frayle is skilleffe youth.  
 Joyne her at once to somme in linke of mariage,  
 That may be meete for our degree, and much about her age.  
 So shall you banish care out of your daughter's brest,  
 So we her parentes, in our age, shall live in quiet rest."  
 Whereto gan easely her husband to agree,  
 And to the mother's skilfull talke thus straightway aunswered he.  
 "Oft have I thought, deere wife, of all these thinges ere this,  
 But evermore my mynd me gave, it should not be amisse  
 By farther leysure had a husband to provyde;  
 Scarce saw she yet full sixteen yeres,—too yong to be a bryde.  
 But since her state doth stande on termes so perilous,  
 And that a mayden daughter is a treasure daungerous,  
 With so great speede I will endeavour to procure  
 A husband for our daughter yong, her sicknes faynt to cure,  
 That you shall rest content, so warely will I choose,  
 And she recover soone enough the time she seemes to loose.  
 The whilst seeke you to learne, if she in any part  
 Already hath, unware to us, fixed her frendly hart;  
 Lest we have more respect to honor and to welth,  
 Then to our daughter's quiet lyfe, and to her happy helth:  
 Whom I do hold as deere as thapple of myne eye,  
 And rather wish in poore estate and daughterles to dye,  
 Then leave my goodes and her y-thrald to such a one,  
 Whose chorlish dealing, (I once dead) should be her cause of  
 mone.

This pleasant aunswer heard, the lady partes agayne,  
 And Capilet, the mayden's fyre, within a day or twayne,  
 Conferreth with his frendes for mariage of his daughter,  
 And many gentilmen there were, with busy care that fought her;  
 Both, for the mayden was well-shaped, yong and fayre,  
 As also well brought up, and wise; her father's onely heyre.

Among



Emong the rest was one inflamde with her desyre,  
 Who county Paris cleeped was ; an earle he had to fyre.  
 Of all the futers hym the father lyketh best,  
 And easely unto the earle he maketh his behest,  
 Both of his owne good will, and of his frendly ayde,  
 To win his wyfe unto his will, and to persuade the mayde.  
 The wyfe dyd joy to heare the joyful husband say  
 How happy hap, how meete a match, he had found out that day;  
 Ne did she seeke to hyde her joyes within her hart,  
 But straight she hyeth to Juliet; to her she telles, apart,  
 What happy talke, by meane of her, was past no rather  
 Betwene the woiing Paris and her careful loving father.  
 The person of the man, the featers of his face,  
 His youthfull yeres, his fayrenes, and his port, and seemely  
 grace,

With curious woordes she payntes before her daughter's eyes,  
 And then with store of vertue's prayse she heaves him to the skyes.  
 She vauntes his race, and gyftes that Fortune did him geve,  
 Whereby she sayth, both she and hers in great delight shall live.  
 When Juliet conceived her parente's whole entent,  
 Whereto both love and reason's right forbod her to assent,  
 Within herselfe she thought rather than be forsworne,  
 With horses wilde her tender partes asunder should be torne.  
 Not now, with bashful brow, in wonted wise, she spake,  
 But with unwonted boldnes straight into these wordes she brake :

" Madame, I marvell much, that you so lavasse are  
 Of me your childe, your jewell once, your onely joy and care,  
 As thus to yelde me up at pleasure of another,  
 Before you know if I do lyke or els mislike my lover.  
 Doo what you list; but yet of this assure you still,  
 If you do as you say you will, I yelde not there untill.  
 For had I choyse of twayne, farre rather would I choose  
 My part of all your goodes and eke my breath and lyfe to loose,  
 Then graunt that he possess of me the smallest part:  
 Fyrst, weary of my painefull lyfe, my cares shall kill my hart;  
 Els will I perce my brest with sharpe and bloody knife;  
 And you, my mother, shall becomene the murtheresse of my lyfe,  
 In geving me to him whom I ne can, ne may,  
 Ne ought, to love: wherefore, on knees, deere mother, I you  
 pray,

To let me live henceforth, as I have lived tofore;  
 Cease all your troubles for my sake and care for me no more;  
 But suffer Fortune seerce to worke on me her will,  
 In her it lyeth to do me boote, in her it lyeth to spill.  
 For whilst you for the best desyre to place me so,  
 You hast away my lingring death, and double all my woe."

So deepe this aunswere made the sorrowes downe to sinke  
 Into the mother's brest, that she ne knoweth what to thinke

D

Of

## ROMEUS AND JULIET.

Of these her daughter's woords, but all appalde she standes,  
And up unto the heavens she throwes her wondring head and  
handes.

And, nigh besyde her selfe, her husband hath she fought;  
She telles him all; she doth forget ne yet she hydeth ought.  
The testy old man, wroth, disdainfull without measure,  
Sendes forth his folke in haste for her, and byds them take no  
leysure;

Ne on her teares or plaint at all to have remorse,  
But, if they cannot with her will, to bring the mayde perforce.  
The message heard, they part, to fetch that they must fet,  
And willingly with them walkes forth obedient Juliet.  
Arrived in the place, when she her father saw,  
Of whom, as much as duety would, the daughter stode in awe,  
The servantes sent away (the mother thought it meete),  
The wofull daughter all bewept fell groveling at his feete,  
Which she doth wash with teares as she thus groveling lyes;  
So fast and eke so plenteously distill they from her eyes:  
When she to call for grace her mouth doth thinke to open,  
Muet she is; for fighes and sobs her fearefull talke have broken.

The fyre, whose swelling wroth her teares could not asswage,  
With fiery eyen, and skarlet cheekes, thus spake her in his rage  
(Whilst ruthfully stood by the mayden's mother mylde):  
Listen (quoth he) unthankfull and thou disobedient childe;  
Hast thou so soone let slip out of thy mynde the woord,  
That thou so often times hast heard rehearsed at my boord?  
How much the Romaine youth of parentes stode in awe,  
And eke what powre upon theyr seede the parentes had by lawe?  
Whom they not onely might pledge, alienate, and sell,  
(When so they stood in neede) but more, if children did rebell,  
The parentes had the power of lyfe and fodayn death.  
What if those good men should agayne receive the living breth?  
In how straight bondes would they thy stubborne body bynde?  
What weapons would they seeke for thee? what torments would  
they fynde,

To chasten, if they saw the lewdnes of thy lyfe,  
Thy great unthankfulnes to me, and shamefull sturdy sryfe?  
Such care thy mother had, so deere thou wert to mee,  
That I with long and earnest sute provyded have for thee.  
One of the greatest lordes that wonnes about this towne,  
And for his many vertues' sake a man of great renowne.  
Of whom both thou and I unworthy are too much,  
So rich ere long he shal be left, his father's welth is such,  
Such is the noblenes and honor of the race  
From whence his father came: and yet thou playest in this case  
The dainty foole and stubborne gyrl; for want of skill  
Thou dost refuse thy offered weale, and disobey my will.

Even



Even by his strength I sweare, that fyrst did geve me lyfe,  
And gave me in my youth the strength to get thee on my wyfe,  
Onlesse by Wensday next thou bend as I am bent,  
And at our castle cald Freetowne thou freely do assent  
To Countie Paris' sute, and promise to agree  
To whatsoever then shall passe 'twixt him, my wife, and me,  
Not only will I geve all that I have away  
From thee, to those that shall me love, me honor, and obay,  
But also to so close and to so hard a gayle  
I shall thee wed, for all thy life, that sure thou shalt not fayle  
A thousand times a day to wishe for sodayn death,  
And curse the day and howre when fyrst thy lunges did geve thee  
breath.

Advise thee well, and say that thou are warned now,  
And thinke not that I speake in sporte, or mynde to break my  
vowe.

For were it not that I to Counte Paris gave  
My fayth, which I must keepe unfalst, my honor so to save,  
Ere thou goe hence, my selfe would see thee chastned so,  
That thou shouldst once for all be taught thy duetie how to  
knowe ;

And what revenge of olde the angry fyres did fynde  
Agaynst theyr children that rebeld, and shewd them selfe un-  
kinde."

These sayde, the olde man straight is gone in haste away ;  
Ne for his daughter's aunswere would the testy father stay.  
And after him his wyfe doth follow out of doore,  
And there they leave theyr chidden childe kneeling upon the  
floore.

Then she that oft had seene the fury of her fyre,  
Dreading what might come of his rage, nould farther styrrer his  
yre.

Unto her chaumber she withdrew her selfe aparte,  
Where she was wonted to unlode the sorowes of her hart.  
There did she not so much busy her eyes in sleping,  
As (overprest with restles thoughts) in piteous booteles weeping.  
The fast falling of teares make not her teares decrease,  
Ne, by the powring forth of playnt, the cause of plaint to cease.  
So that to thend the mone and sorow may decaye,  
The best is that she seeke somme meane to take the cause away.  
Her wery bed betyme the woful wight forsakes,  
And so saint Frauncis' church, to masse, her way devoutly takes.  
The fryer forth is calde ; she prayes him heare her shrift ;  
Devotion is in so yong yeres a rare and pretious gyft.  
When on her tender knees the daynty lady kneeles,  
In mynde to powre foorth all the greefe that inwardly she feeles,  
With sighes and salted teares her thriving doth beginne,  
For she of heaped sorowes hath to speake, and not of sinne.

Her voyce with piteous playnt was made already horce,  
And hasty fobs, when she would speake, brake of her woordes  
perforce.

But as she may, peace meale, she powreth in his lappe  
The mariage newes, a mischefe new, prepared by mishappe;  
Her parentes' promisse erst to Counte Paris past,  
Her fathers threats she telleth him, and thus concludes at last:  
"Once was I wedded well, ne will I wed againe;  
For since I know I may not be the wedded wyfe of twaine,  
(For I am bound to have one God, one sayth, one make,)  
My purpose is as soone as I shall hence my journey take,  
With these two handes, which joynde unto the heavens I stretch,  
The hasty death which I desyre, unto my selfe to reach.  
This day, O Romeus, this day, thy wofull wife  
Will bring the end of all her cares by ending carefull lyfe.  
So my departed sprite shall witnes to the skye,  
And eke my blood unto the earth beare record, how that I  
Have kept my sayth unbroke, stedfast unto my frend."

When thys her heavy tale was told, her vowe eke at an ende,  
Her gasing here and there, her feerce and staring looke,  
Did witnes that some lewd attempt her hart had undertooke.  
Whereat the fryer aslonde, and gastyfully asfayde  
Lest she by dede perfourme her woord, thus much to her he sayde:  
"Ah! lady Juliet, what nede the wordes you spake?  
I pray you, graunt me one request, for blessed Marie's sake.  
Measure somewhat your greefe, hold here a while your peace,  
Whilst I bethinke me of your case, your plaint and sorowes' cease.  
Such comfort will I geve you, ere you part from hence,  
And for thassaults of Fortune's yre prepare so sure defence,  
So holesome salve will I for your afflictions fynde,  
That you shall hence depart againe with well contented mynde."  
His wordes have chased straight out of her hart despayre,  
Her blacke and ugly dredfull thoughts by hope are waxen fayre.  
So fryer Lawrence now hath left her there alone,  
And he out of the church in haste is to the chaumber gone;  
Where sundry thoughtes within his carefull head aryse;  
The old man's foresight divers doutes hath set before his eyes.  
His conscience one while condemns it for a sinne  
To let her take Paris to spouse, since he him selfe hath byn  
The chiefe cause that she unknown to father or mother,  
Not five monthes past, in that selfe place was wedded to another.  
An other while an hugy heape of daungers dred  
His restless thoughts hath heaped up within his troubled hed.  
Even of it selfe thattempte he judgeth perilous;  
The execution eke he demes so much more dangerous,  
That to a woman's grace he must him selfe commit,  
That yong is, simple and unware, for waighty assayres unfit.

For,



For, if she fayle in ought, the matter published,  
Both she and Romeus were undonne, him selfe eke punished,  
When too and fro in mynde he dyvers thoughts had cast,  
With tender pity and with ruth his hart was wonne at last;  
He thought he rather would in hazard set his fame,  
Then suffer such adultery. Resolving on the same,  
Out of his closet straight he tooke a little glasse,  
And then with double hast retorde where woful Juliet was;  
Whom he hath found wel nigh in traunce, scarce drawing breath,  
Attending still to heare the newes of lyfe or els of death.  
Of whom he did enquire of the appoynted day;  
“ On Wensday next, (quoth Juliet) so doth my father say,  
I must geve my consent; but, as I do remember,  
The solemne day of mariage is the tenth day of September.  
Deere daughter, (quoth the fryer) of good cheere see thou be,  
For loe! saint Frauncis of his grace hath shewde a way to me,  
By which I may both thee and Romeus together,  
Out of the bondage which you feare, assuredly deliver.  
Even from the holy font thy husband have I knowne,  
And, since he grew in yeres, have kept his counsels as myne owne.  
For from his youth he would unfold to me his hart,  
And often have I cured him of anguish and of smart.  
I know that by desert his frendship I have wonne,  
And him do holde as deere, as if he were my propre sonne.  
Wherefore my frendly hart can not abyde that he  
Should wrongfully in oughte be harmde, if that it lay in me  
To right or to revenge the wrong by my advise,  
Or timely to prevent the same in any other wise.  
And sith thou art his wyfe, thee am I bound to love,  
For Romeus’ friendship sake, and seeke thy anguish to remove,  
And dredful torments, which thy hart besegen rounde;  
Wherefore, my daughter, geve good care unto my counsels  
founde.

Forget not what I say, ne tell it any wight,  
Not to the nurce thou trustest so, as Romeus is thy knight.  
For on this threed doth hang thy death and eke thy lyfe,  
My fame or shame, his weale or woe that chose thee to his wyfe.  
Thou art not ignorant, because of such renowne  
As every where is spred of me, but chesely in this towne,  
That in my youthfull dayes abroad I travayled,  
Through every lande found out by men, by men inhabited;  
So twenty yeres from home, in landes unknowne a gest,  
I never gave my weary limmes long time of quiet rest,  
But, in the deserte woodes, to beastes of cruell kinde,  
Or on the seas to drenching waves, at pleasure of the winde,  
I have committed them, to ruth of rovers’ hand,  
And to a thousand daungers more, by water and by lande.

But not, in vayne, my childe, hath all my wandring byn ;  
Beside the great contentednes my sprete abydeth in,  
That by the pleafant thought of passed thinges doth grow,  
One private frute more have I pluckd, which thou shalt shortly  
know :

What force the stones, the plants, and metals have to worke,  
And divers other thinges that in the bowels of earth do loorke,  
With care I have fought out, with payne I did them prove ;  
With them eke can I helpe my selfe at times of my behove,  
(Although the science be against the lawes of men)  
When fodayn daunger forceth me ; but yet most cheefly when  
The worke to doe is least displeasing unto God  
(Not helping to do any fin that wrekefull Jove forbode).

For since in lyfe no hope of long abode I have,  
But now am comme unto the brinke of my appoynted grave,  
And that my death drawes nere, whose stripe I may not shonne,  
But shall be calde to make account of all that I have donne,  
Now ought I from henceforth more depely print in mynde  
The judgment of the Lord, then when youthes folly made me  
blynde ;

When love and fond desyre were boyling in my brest,  
Whence hope and dred by striving thoughts had banishd frendly  
rest.

Know therefore, daughter, that with other gyftes which I  
Have well attained to, by grace and favour of the skye,  
Long since I did finde out, and yet the way I knowe,  
Of certain rootes and savory herbes to make a kynd of dowe,  
Which baked hard, and bet into a powder syne,  
And dranke with conduite water, or with any kynd of wine,  
It doth in halfe an howre astone the taker so,  
And mastreth all his fences, that he feeleth weale nor woe :  
And so it burieth up the sprite and living breath,  
That even the skilful leche would say, that he is slayne by death.  
One vertue more it hath, as marvelous as this ;  
The taker, by receiving it, at all not greeved is ;  
But painelefs as a man that thinketh nought at all,  
Into a sweete and quiet slepe immediately doth fall ;  
From which, according to the quantitie he taketh,  
Longer or shorter is the time before the sleper waketh :  
And thence (theffect once wrought) againe it doth restore  
Him that receaved unto the state wherein he was before.  
Wherefore, marke well the ende of this my tale begonne,  
And thereby learne what is by thee hereafter to be donne.  
Cast of from thee at once the weede of womannish dread,  
With manly courage arme thyselfe from heele unto the head ;  
For onely on the feare or boldnes of thy brest  
The happy happe or yll mishappe of thy affayre doth rest.

Receve



Receve this vyoll small and kepe it as thine eye ;  
And on the mariage day, before the sunne doe cleare the skye,  
Fill it with water full up to the very brim,  
Then drinke it of, and thou shalt feele throughout eche vayne  
and lym

A pleasant slumber flyde, and quite dispred at length  
On all thy partes, from every part reve all thy kindly strength ;  
Withouten moving thus thy ydle partes shall rest,  
No pulse shall goe, ne hart once beate within thy hollow brest,  
But thou shalt lye as she that dyeth in a traunce :  
Thy kinsmen and thy trusty frendes shall wayle the sodayne  
chaunce ;

Thy corps then will they bring to grave in this churchyarde,  
Where thy forefathers long agoe a costly tombe preparte,  
Both for them selfe and eke for those that should come after,  
(Both depe it is, and long and large) where thou shalt rest, my  
daughter,

Till I to Mantua fende for Romeus, thy knight ;  
Out of the tombe both he and I will take thee forth that night.  
And when out of thy slepe thou shalt awake agayne,  
Then mayst thou goe with him from hence ; and, healed of thy  
payne,

In Mantua lead with him unknowne a pleasant lyfe ;  
And yet perhaps in tyme to comme, when cease shall all the  
stryfe,

And that the peace is made twixt Romeus and his foes,  
My selfe may finde so fit a time these secretes to disclose,  
Both to my prayse, and to thy tender parentes' joy,  
That dangerles, without reproche, thou shalt thy love enjoy.

When of his skilfull tale the fryer had made an ende,  
To which our Juliet so well her care and wits did bend,  
That she hath heard it all and hath forgotten nought,  
Her fainting hart was comforted with hope and pleasant thought.  
And then to him she sayd—" Doubt not but that I will  
With stout and unapauled hart your happy hest fulfill.  
Yea, if I wist it were a venemous dedly drinke,  
Rather would I that through my throte the certaine bane should  
sinke,

Then I, not drinking it, into his handes should fall,  
That hath no part of me as yet, ne ought to have at all.  
Much more I ought with bold and with a willing hart  
To greatest daunger yeld my selfe, and to the dedly smart,  
To come to him on whom my lyfe doth wholly stay,  
That is my onely hart's delight, and so he shall be aye."  
Then goe, quoth he, my childe, I pray that God on hye  
Direct thy foote, and by thy hand upon the way thee gye.  
God graunt he so confirme in thee thy present will,  
That no inconstant toy thee let thy promise to fulfill."

A thousand thankes and more our Juliet gave the frier,  
 And homeward to her father's house joyfull she doth retyre;  
 And as with stately gate she passed through the streete,  
 She saw her mother in the doore, that with her there would meete,  
 In mynde to aske if she her purpose yet dyd hold,  
 In mynde also, apart 'twixt them, her duety to have tolde;  
 Wherefore with pleasant face, and with wonted chere,  
 As soone as she was unto her approched sumwhat nere,  
 Before the mother spake, thus did she fyrst begyn:  
 " Madame, at saint Frauncis' church have I this morning byn,  
 Where I did make abode a longer while, percase,  
 Then dewty would; yet have I not been absent from this place  
 So long a while, without a great and just cause why;  
 This frute have I receaved there;—my hart, erst lyke to dye,  
 Is now revived agayne, and my afflicted brest,  
 Released from affliction, restored is to rest.  
 For lo! my troubled gost, alas too sore diseased,  
 By gostly counsell and advise hath fryer Lawrence easde;  
 To whom I dyd at large discourse my former lyfe,  
 And in confession did I tell of all our passed stryfe;  
 Of Counte Paris' sute, and how my lord, my fyre,  
 By my ungrate and stubborne stryfe I styrred unto yre.  
 But lo, the holy fryer hath by his gostly lore  
 Made me another woman now than I had been before.  
 By strength of argumentes he charged so my mynde,  
 That, though I fought, no sure defence my searching thought  
     could finde.  
 So forced I was at length to yeld up witles will,  
 And promist to be ordered by the fryer's prayfed skill.  
 Wherefore, albeit I had rashely, long before,  
 The bed and rytes of mariage for many yeres forswore,  
 Yet mother, now behold your daughter at your will,  
 Ready, if you commaunde her aught, your pleasure to fulfill.  
 Wherefore in humble wise, dere madam, I you pray,  
 To go unto my lord and fyre, withouten long delay;  
 Of him fyrst pardon crave of faultes already past,  
 And shew him, if it pleaseth you, his child is now at last  
 Obedient to his just and to his skilfull hest,  
 And that I will, God lending lyfe, on Wensday next, be prest  
 To wayte on him and you, unto thappoynted place,  
 Where I will, in your hearing, and before my father's face,  
 Unto the Counte geve my sayth and whole assent,  
 And take him for my lord and spouse; thus fully am I bent;  
 And that out of your mynde I may remove all doute,  
 Unto my closet fare I now, to searche and to choose out  
 The bravest garmentes and the richest jewels there,  
 Which, better him to please, I mynde on Wensday next to  
     weare.

For



For if I did excell the famous Grecian rape,  
Yet might attyre helpe to amende my bewty and my shape."  
The simple mother was rapt into great delight;  
Not halfe a word could she bring forth, but in this joyfull plight  
With nimble foote she ran, and with unwonted pace,  
Unto her penfive husband, and to him with pleasant face  
She tolde what she had heard, and prayseth much the fryer;  
And joyfull teares ranne downe the cheekes of this gray-berded  
fyer.

With hands and eyes heaved-up he thanks God in his hart,  
And then he sayth: " This is not, wyfe, the fryer's first de-  
fart;

Oft hath he shewde to us great frendship heretofore,  
By helping us at nedefull times with wisdome's pretious lore.  
In all our common weale scarce one is to be founde  
But is, for somme good torne, unto this holy father bounde.  
Oh that the thyrd part of my goodes (I doe not fayne)  
But twenty of his passed yeres might purchase him agayne!  
So much in recompence of frendship would I geve,  
So much, in fayth, his extreme age my frendly hart doth greeve.

These said, the glad old man from home goeth straight abrode,  
And to the stately palace hyeth where Paris made abode;  
Whom he desyres to be on Wensday next his geast,  
At Freetowne, where he myndes to make for him a costly feast.  
But loe, the earle saith, such feasting were but lost,  
And counsels him till mariage time to spare so great a cost.  
For then he knoweth well the charges will be great;  
The whilst, his hart desyreth still her sight, and not his meate.  
He craves of Capilet that he may straight goe see  
Fayre Juliet; wherto he doth right willingly agree.

The mother, warnde before, her daughter doth prepare;  
She warneth and she chargeth her that in no wyse she spare  
Her courteous speche, her pleasant lookes, and commely grace,  
But liberally to geve them forth when Paris comes in place:  
Which she as cunningly could set forth to the shew,  
As cunning craftsmen to the sale do set theyr wares on rew;  
That ere the County dyd out of her sight depart,  
So secretly unwares to him she stole away his hart,  
That of his lyfe and death the wily wench hath powre;  
And now his longing hart thinkes long for theyr appoynted  
howre,

And with importune sute the parents doth he pray  
The wedlocke knot to knit soone up, and hast the mariage day.

The woer hath past forth the fyrst day in this sort,  
And many other more then this, in pleasure and disport.  
At length the wished time of long hoped delight  
(As Paris thought) drew nere; but nere approached heavy plight.  
Agaynst

Agaynst the brydall day the parentes did prepare  
 Such rich attyre, such furniture, such store of dainty fare,  
 That they which did behold the same the night before,  
 Did thinke and say, a man could scarcely wish for any more.  
 Nothing did seeme to deere; the deereſt thinges were bought;  
 And, as the written ſtory ſayth, in dede there wanted nought,  
 That longd to his degree, and honor of his ſtocke:  
 But Juliet, the whilst, her thoughts within her brest did locke;  
 Even from the trusty nurce, whose ſecretnes was tride,  
 The ſecret counsell of her hart the nurce-childe ſeekes to hyde.  
 For ſith, to mocke her dame, ſhe did not ſticke to lye,  
 She thought no ſinne with ſhew of truth to blear her nurce's eye.  
 In chaumber ſecretly the tale ſhe gan renew,  
 That at the doore ſhe told her dame, as though it had been trew.  
 The flatt'ring nurce dyd prayſe the fryer for his ſkill,  
 And ſaid that ſhe had done right well by wit to order will,  
 She ſetteth forth at large the father's furious rage,  
 And eke ſhe prayſeth much to her the ſecond mariage;  
 And County Paris now ſhe prayſeth ten times more,  
 By wrong, then ſhe her ſelfe by right had Romeus prayſde be-  
 fore.

Paris ſhall dwell there ſtill, Romeus ſhall not retourne;  
 What ſhall it boote her all her lyfe to languiſhe ſtill and mourne.  
 The pleaſures paſt before ſhe muſt account as gayne;  
 But if he doe retorne—what then?—for one ſhe ſhall have twayne,  
 The one ſhall uſe her as his lawful wedded wyfe;  
 In wanton love with equal joy the other leade his lyfe;  
 And beſt ſhall ſhe be ſped of any towniſh dame,  
 Of huſband and of paramour to fynde her chaunge of game.  
 Theſe wordes and like the nurce did ſpeake, in hope to pleaſe,  
 But greatly did theſe wicked wordes the ladie's mynde diſeaſe;  
 But ay ſhe hid her wrath, and ſeemed well-content,  
 When dayly dyd the naughty nurce new argumentes invent.  
 But when the bryde perceived her howre aproched nere,  
 She ſought, the beſt ſhe could, to fayne, and temper'd ſo her  
 cheere,

That by her outward looke no living wight could geſſe  
 Her inward woe; and yet anew renewde is her diſtreſſe.  
 Unto her chaumber doth the penſive wight repayre,  
 And in her hand a percher light the nurce beares up the ſlayre.  
 In Juliet's chaumber was her wonted uſe to lye;  
 Wherefore her miſtreſs, dreading that ſhe ſhould her work deſcrye,  
 As ſoone as ſhe began her pallet to unfold,  
 Thinking to lye that night where ſhe was wont to lye of oide,  
 Doth gently pray her ſeek her lodgeing ſomewhere elſ;  
 And, leſt the crafty ſhould ſuſpect, a ready reaſon telles.  
 "Dere friend, quoth ſhe, you knowe, to-morow is the day  
 Of new contract; wherefore, this night, my purpoſe is to pray  
 Unto



Unto the heavenly myndes that dwell above the skyes,  
And order all the course of thinges as they can best devyse,  
That they so smyle upon the doinges of tomorew,  
That all the remnant of my lyfe may be exempt from sorow :  
Wherefore, I pray you, leave me here alone this night,  
But see that you tomorew comme before the dawning light,  
For you must coorle my heare, and set on my attyre ;"—  
And easely the loving nurce did yelde to her desyre.  
For she within her hed dyd cast before no doute ;  
She little knew the close attempt her nurce-child went about.

The nurce departed once, the chamber doore shut close,  
Assured that no living wight her doing might disclose,  
She powred forth into the vyoll of the fryer,  
Water, out of a silver ewer, that on the boorde stoode by her.  
The slepy mixture made, fayre Juliet doth it hyde  
Under her bolster soft, and so unto her bed she hyed ;  
Where divers novel thoughts arise within her hed,  
And she is so invironed about with deadly dred,  
That what before she had resolved undoubtedly  
That same she calleth into doute ; and lying doutefully  
Whilst honest love did strive with dred of dedly payne,  
With handes y-wrong, and weeping eyes, thus gan she to com-  
plaine :

" What, is there any one, beneth the heavens hye,  
So much unfortunate as I ? so much past hope as I ?  
What, am I not my selfe, of all that yet were borne,  
The depeft drenched in dispayre, and most in Fortune's skorne ?  
For loe the world for me hath nothing els to finde,  
Beside mishap and wretchednes and anguish of the mynde ;  
Since that the cruell cause of my unhapines  
Hath put me to this sodayne plunge, and brought to such distres,  
As, to the end I may my name and conscience save,  
I must devowre the mixed drinke that by me here I have,  
Whose working and whose force as yet I do not know. —"  
And of this piteous plaint began an other doute to growe :  
" What do I know (quoth she) if that this powder shall  
Sooner or later then it should or els not worke at all ?  
And then my craft descryde as open as the day,  
The people's tale and laughing stocke shall I remayne for aye.  
And what know I, quoth she, if serpentes odious,  
And other beastes and wormes that are of nature venemous,  
That wonted are to lurke in darke caves under grounde,  
And commonly, as I have heard, in dead men's tombes are  
found,

Shall harme me, yea or nay, where I shall lye as ded ?—  
Or how shall I that alway have in so freshe ayre been bred,  
Endure the loathsome stinke of such an heaped store  
Of carcafes, not yet consumde, and bones that long before

In.

Intombd were, where I my sleping place shall have,  
Where all my ancestors do rest, my kindred's common grave?  
Shall not the fryer and my Romeus, when they come,  
Fynd me, if I awake before, y-stified in the tombe?"

And whilst she in these thoughts doth dwell somewhat too long,  
The force of her ymagining anon did waxe so strong,  
That she surmise she saw, out of the hollow vaulte,  
A grisly thing to looke upon, the carkas of Tybalt;  
Right in the selfe same sort that she few dayes before  
Had seene him in his blood embrewed, to death eke wounded  
fore.

And then when she agayne within her selfe had wayde  
That quicke she should be buried there, and by his side be layde,  
All comfortles, for she shall living feere have none,  
But many a rotten carkas, and full many a naked bone;  
Her daynty tender partes gan shever all for dred,  
Her golden heares did stande upright upon her chillish hed.  
Then pressed with the feare that she there lived in,  
A sweat as colde as mountayne yse pearst through her slender  
skin,

That with the moysture hath wet every part of hers:  
And more besides, she vainely thinkes, whilst vainly thus she  
feares,

A thousand bodies dead have compast her about,  
And lest they will dismember her she greatly standes in doute.  
But when she felt her strength began to weare away,  
By little and little, and in her heart her feare encreased ay,  
Dreading that weaknes might, or foolish cowardise,  
Hinder the execution of the purposde enterprise,  
As she had frantike been, in hast the glasse she cought,  
And up she dranke the mixture quite, withouten farther thought,  
Then on her brest she crost her armes long and small,  
And so, her senses fayling her, into a traunce did fall.

And when that Phœbus bright heaved up his seemely hed,  
And from the East in open skies his gliftring rayes dispred,  
The nurse unshut the doore, for she the key did keepe,  
And douting she had slept to long, she thought to breake her slepe:  
Fyrst softly dyd she call, then lowder thus did crye,  
“ Lady, you slepe to long, the earle will rayse you by and by.”  
But wele away, in vayne unto the deafe she calles,  
She thinkes to speak to Juliet, but speaketh to the walles.  
If all the dredfull noyse that might on earth be found,  
Or on the roaring seas, or if the dredfull thunder's sound,  
Had blowne into her eares, I thinke they could not make  
The sleping wight before the time by any meanes awake;  
So were the sprites of lyfe shut up, and senses thrald;  
Wherewith the feely carefull nurse was wondrously apalde.

She



She thought to daw her now as she had donne of olde,  
But loe, she found her parts were stiffe and more than marble  
colde;

Neither at mouth nor nose found she recourse of breth;  
Two certaine argumentes were these of her untimely death.  
Wherefore as one distraught she to her mother ranne,  
With scratched face, and heare betorne, but no word speake she  
can.

At last with much adoe, "Dead (quoth she) is my childe;"  
Now, "Out alas," the mother cryde;—and as a tyger wilde,  
Whose whelpes, whilst she is gone out of her den to pray,  
The hunter greedy of his game doth kill or cary away;  
So raging forth she ran unto her Juliet's bed,  
And there she found her derling and her onely comfort ded.  
Then shrieked she out as lowde as serve her would her breth,  
And then, that pity was to heare, thus cryde she out on death:  
"Ah cruell death (quoth she) that thus against all right,  
Hast ended my felicitie, and robde my hartes delight,  
Do now thy worst to me, once wreake thy wrath for all,  
Even in despite I crye to thee, thy vengeance let thou fall.  
Wherto stay I, alas! since Juliet is gone?  
Wherto live I since she is dead, except to wayle and mone.  
Alacke, dere chylde, my teares for thee shall never cease;  
Even as my dayes of lyfe increase, so shall my plaint increase:  
Such store of sorow shall afflict my tender hart,  
That deadly panges, when they assaile, shall not augment my  
smart."

Then gan she so to sobbe, it seemde her hart would braft;  
And while she cryeth thus, behold, the father at the last,  
The County Paris, and of gentlemen a route,  
And ladies of Verona towne and country round about,  
Both kindreds and alies thether apace have preast,  
For by theyr presence there they fought to honor so the feast;  
But when the heavy newes the byden geastes did heare,  
So much they mournd, that who had seene theyr count'nance  
and theyr cheere,

Might easely have judgde by that that they had seene,  
That day the day of wrath and eke of pity to have beene.  
But more then all the rest the father's hart was so  
Smit with the heavy newes, and so shut up with sodayn woe,  
That he ne had the powre his daughter to bewepe,  
Ne yet to speake, but long is forsd his teares and plaint to kepe.  
In all the hast he hath for skilfull leaches sent;  
And, hearing of her passed life, they judge with one assent  
The cause of this her death was inward care and thought;  
And then with double force againe the doubled sorowes wrought.  
If ever there hath been a lamentable day,  
A day, ruthfull, unfortunate and fatall, then I say,

The

The same was it in which through Veron town was spread  
 The wofull newes how Juliet was sterved in her bed.  
 For so she was bemonde both of the young and olde,  
 That it might seeme to him that would the common plaint behold,

That all the common welth did stand in jeopardy;  
 So universal was the plaint, so piteous was the crye.  
 For lo, beside her shape and native bewtie's hewe,  
 With which, like as she grew in age, her vertue's prayfes grew,  
 She was also so wise, so lowly, and so mylde,  
 That, even from the hory head unto the witles chylde,  
 She wan the hartes of all, so that there was not one,  
 Ne great, ne small, but did that day her wretched state bemone.

Whilst Juliet slept, and whilst the other wepen thus,  
 Our fryer Lawrence hath by this sent one to Romeus,  
 A frier of his house, (there never was a better,  
 He trusted him even as himselfe) to whom he gave a letter,  
 In which he written had of every thing at length,  
 That past 'twixt Juliet and him, and of the powder's strength;  
 The next night after that, he willeth him to comme  
 To helpe to take his Juliet out of the hollow toombe,  
 For by that time, the drinke, he saith, will cease to woorke,  
 And for one night his wife and he within his cell shall loorke;  
 Then shall he cary her to Mantua away,  
 (Till fickle Fortune favour him,) disguysde in man's aray.

This letter closde he sendes to Romeus by his brother;  
 He chargeth him that in no case he geve it any other.  
 Apace our frier John to Mantua him hyes;  
 And, for because in Italy it is a wonted gyfe  
 That friers in the towne should feeldome walke alone,  
 But of theyr covent aye should be accompanide with one,  
 Of his profession straight a house he fyndeth out,  
 In mynde to take some fryer with him, to walke the towne about.  
 But entred once, he might not issue out agayne,  
 For that a brother of the house a day before or twayne  
 Dyed of the plague, a sicknes which they greatly feare and hate:  
 So were the brethren charged to kepe within their covent gate,  
 Bard of theyr fellowship that in the towne do wonne;  
 The towne folke eke commaunded are the fryers' house to shonne,  
 Till they that had the care of health theyr fredome should renew;

Whereof, as you shall shortly heare, a mischeefe great there grewe.

The fryer by this restraint, beset with dred and forow,  
 Not knowing what the letters held, differed untill the morowe;  
 And then he thought in time to send to Romeus.

But whilst at Mantua, where he was, these doinges framed thus,  
 The



The towne of Juliet's byrth was wholly busied  
About her obsequies, to see theyr darling buried.  
Now is the parentes' myrth quite chaunged into mone,  
And now to sorow is retorne the joy of every one;  
And now the wedding weades for mourning weades they chaunge,  
And Hymene into a dyrgé; —alas! it seemeth straunge:  
Insteade of mariage gloves, now funerall gownes they have,  
And whom they should see married, they follow to the grave.  
The feast that should have been of pleasure and of joy,  
Hath every dish and cup fild full of sorow and annoye.

Now throughout Italy this common use they have,  
That all the best of every stocke are earthed in one grave;  
For every household, if it be of any fame,  
Doth bylde a tombe, or digge a vault, that beares the housholde's  
name;

Wherein, if any of that kyndred hap to dye,  
They are bestowde; els in the same no other corps may lye.  
The Capilets her corps in such a one did lay,  
Where Tybalt slaine of Romeus was layde the other day.  
An other use there is, that whosoever dyes,  
Borne to their church with open face upon the beere he lyes,  
In wonted weede attyrd, not wrapt in winding sheet.  
So, as by chaunce he walked abroad, our Romeus' man did meete  
His master's wife; the sight with sorow straight did wounde  
His honest heart; with teares he saw her lodged under ground.  
And, for he had been sent to Verone for a spye,  
The doinges of the Capilets by wisdom to descrye,  
And, for he knew her death dyd tooch his maister most,  
Alas! too soone, with heavy newes, he hyed away in post;  
And in his house he found his maister Romeus,  
Where he, besprent with many teares, began to speake him thus:  
“Syr, unto you of late is chaunced so great a harme,  
That sure, except with constancy you seeke yourselfe to arme,  
I feare that straight you will breathe out your latter breath,  
And I, most wretched wight, shall be thoccasion of your death.  
Know syr, that yesterday, my lady and your wife,  
I wot not by what sodain greefe, hath made exchange of life;  
And for because on earth she found nought but unrest,  
In heaven hath she sought to fynde a place of quiet rest;  
And with these weping eyes my selfe have seene her layde  
Within the tombe of Capilets:” —and herewithall he stayde.  
This sodayne message' founde, sent forth with fighes and teares,  
Our Romeus receaved too soone with open listening eares;  
And therby hath sonke such sorow in his hart,  
That loe, his sprite annoyed sore with torment and with smart,  
Was like to break out of his prison-house perforce,  
And that he might flye after hers, would leave the massy corce:

But

But earnest love that will not fayle him till his ende,  
 This fond and sodain fantasie into his head dyd sende;  
 That if nere unto her he offered up his breath,  
 That then an hundred thousand parts more glorious were his  
 death:  
 Eke should his painfull hart a great deale more be eased,  
 And more also, he vainely thought, his lady better pleased.  
 Wherefore when he his face hath washt with water cleane,  
 Lest that the staynes of dried teares might on his cheekes be  
 seene,  
 And so his sorow should of every one be spyde,  
 Which he with all his care did seeke from every one to hyde,  
 Straight, wery of the house, he walketh forth abroad;  
 His servant, at the master's best, in chaumber still abode:  
 And then fro streete to streete he wandreth up and downe,  
 To see if he in any place may fynde, in all the towne,  
 A salve meet for his sore, an oyle fit for his wounde;  
 And seeking long, alac too soone! the thing he sought, he founde.  
 An apothecary fate unbusied at his doore,  
 Whom by his heavy countenance he gessed to be poore.  
 And in his shop he saw his boxes were but few,  
 And in his window of his wares there was so small a shew;  
 Wherefore our Romeus assuredly hath thought,  
 What by no frendship could be got, with money should be bought;  
 For nedy lacke is like the poor man to compell  
 To sell that which the citie's lawe forbiddeth him to sell.  
 Then by the hand he drew the nedy man apart,  
 And with the sight of glittering gold inflamed hath his hart:  
 "Take fiftie crownes of gold (quoth he) I geve them thee,  
 So that, before I part from hence, thou straight deliver me  
 Somme poyson strong, that may in lesse than halfe an howre  
 Kill him whose wretched hap shall be the potion to devowre."  
 The wretch by covetise is wonne, and doth assent  
 To sell the thing, whose sale ere long, too late, he doth repent.  
 In haste he poyson sought, and closely he it bounde,  
 And then began with whispering voyce thus in his eare to rounde:  
 "Fayre syr, quoth he, be sure this is the speding gere,  
 And more there is than you shall nede; for halfe of that is there  
 Will serve, I undertake, in lesse than half an howre  
 To kill the strongest man alive; such is the poyson's power."  
 Then Romeus, somewhat easd of one part of his care,  
 Within his bosome putteth up his dere unthrifty ware.  
 Retoorning home agayne, he sent his man away,  
 To Verone towne, and chargeth him that he, without delay,  
 Provyde both instruments to open wide the toombe,  
 And lightes to shew him Juliet; and stay, till he shall comme,  
 Nere to the place whereas his loving wife doth rest,  
 And chargeth him not to bewray the dolours of his brest.

Peter,



Peter, these heard, his leave doth of his master take;  
Betimes he comes to towne, such hast the painfull man dyd  
make:

And then with busy care he seeketh to fulfill,  
But doth disclose unto no wight his wofull master's will.  
Would God, he had herein broken his master's heft!  
Would God, that to the frier he had disclosed all his brest!  
But Romeus the while with many a dedly thought  
Provoked much, hath caused inke and paper to be brought,  
And in few lines he did of all his love dyscoorse,  
How by the frier's helpe, and by the knowledge of the noorse,  
The wedlocke knot was knit, and by what meane that night  
And many moe he did enjoy his happy hart's delight;  
Where he the poyson bought, and how his lyfe should ende;  
And so his wailefull tragedy the wretched man hath pend.

The letters clofd and seald, directed to his syre,  
He locketh in his purse, and then a post-hors doth he hyre.  
When he approached nere, he warely lighted downe,  
And even with the shade of night he entred Verone towne;  
Where he hath found his man, wayting when he should come,  
With lanterne, and with instruments to open Juliet's toomme.  
Helpe Peter, helpe, quod he, helpe to remove the stone,  
And straight when I am gone fro thee, my Juliet to bemone,  
See that thou get thee hence, and on the payne of death  
I charge thee that thou come not nere while I abyde beneath  
Ne seeke thou not to let thy master's enterprife,  
Which he hath fully purposed to doe, in any wise.  
Take there a letter, which, as soone as he shall ryse,  
Present it in the morning to my loving father's eyes;  
Which unto him perhaps farre pleasanter shall seeme,  
Than eyther I do mynd to say, or thy grose head can deeme.

Now Peter, that knew not the purpose of his hart,  
Obediently a little way withdrewe himselfe apart;  
And then our Romeus, the vault stone set up upright,  
Descended downe, and in his hand he bare the candle light.  
And then with piteous eye the body of his wyfe  
He gan behold, who surely was the organ of his lyfe;  
For whom unhappy now he is, but erst was blyst;  
He watred her with teares, and then a hundred times her kyft;  
And in his folded armes full straightly he her plight,  
But no way could his greedy eyes be filled with her sight:  
His fearfull handes he layde upon her stomach colde,  
And them on divers parts besyde the wofull wight did hold.  
But when he could not fynd the signes of lyfe he sought,  
Out of his cursed box he drewe the poyson that he bought;  
Whereof he gredely devowrde the greater part,  
And then he cryde, with dedly figh fetcht from his mourning  
hart—

E

" Oh

" Oh Juliet, of whom the world unworthy was,  
 From which, for worlde's unworthines thy worthy gost did passe,  
 What death more pleasant could my hart wish to abyde  
 Then that which here it suffreth now, so nere thy frendly syde?  
 Or els so glorious tombe how could my youth have craved,  
 As in one selfe same vaulte with thee haply to be ingraved?  
 What epitaph more worth, or halfe so excellent,  
 To consecrate my memorye, could any man invent,  
 As this our mutual and our piteous sacrifice  
 Of lyfe, set light for love?"—but while he talketh in this wise,  
 And thought as yet a while his dolours to enforce,  
 His tender hart began to faynt, prest with the venom's force;  
 Which little and little gan to overcommе his hart,  
 And whilst his busy eyne he threwe about to every part,  
 He saw, hard by the corce of sleping Juliet,  
 Bold Tybalt's carkas dead, which was not all consumed yet.  
 To whom, as having life, in this sort speaketh he:  
 " Ah cosin dere, Tybalt, where so thy restless sprite now be,  
 With stretched handes to thee for mercy now I crye,  
 For that before thy kindly howre I forced thee to dye.  
 But if with quenched lyfe not quenched be thine yre,  
 But with revenging lust as yet thy hart be set on fyre,  
 What more amendes, or cruell wreake desyrest thou  
 To see on me, then this which here is shewd forth to thee now?  
 Who rest by force of armes from thee thy loving breath,  
 The same with his owne hand, thou seest, doth poyson himselfe  
 to death.

And for he caused thee in tombe too soone to lye,  
 Too soone also, yonger then thou, himselfe he layeth by."  
 These sayd, when he gan feele the poyson's force prevayle,  
 And little and little mastred lyfe for aye began to fayle,  
 Kneeling upon his knees, he said with voyce full lowe—  
 " Lord Christ, that so to raunsome me descendedst long agoe  
 Out of thy father's bosome, and in the virgin's wombe  
 Didst put on fleshe, oh let my plaint out of this hollow toombe,  
 Perce through the ayre, and graunt my sute may favour finde;  
 Take pity on my sinneful and my poore affected mynde!  
 For well enough I know, this body is but clay,  
 Nought but a masse of sinne, to frayle, and subject to decay."  
 Then pressed with extreme greefe he threw with so great force  
 His overpressed parts upon his ladie's wayled corps,  
 That now his weakened hart, weakened with tormentes past,  
 Unable to abyde this pang, the sharpest and the last,  
 Remayned quite deprived of sense and kindly strength,  
 And so the long imprisond soule hath freedome wonne at length.  
 Ah cruell death, too soone, too soone was this devorce,  
 Twixt youthfull Romeus' heavenly sprite, and his sayre earthy  
 corse.

The



The fryer that knew what time the powder had been taken,  
 Knew eke the very instant when the sleper should awaken ;  
 But wondring that he could no kinde of aunswer heare,  
 Of letters which to Romeus his fellow fryer did beare,  
 Out of Sainct Frauncis' church hymselfe alone dyd fare,  
 And for the opening of the tombe meete instrumentes he bare.  
 Approching nigh the place, and seeing there the light,  
 Great horror felt he in his hart, by straunge and fodaine fight ;  
 Till Peter, Romeus' man, his coward hart made bolde,  
 When of his master's being there the certain newes he tolde :  
 " There hath he been, quoth he, this halfe howre at the least,  
 And in this time, I dare well say, his plaint hath still increast."  
 Then both they entered in, where they alas ! dyd fynde  
 The bretheles corps of Romeus, forsaken of the mynde ;  
 Where they have made such mone, as they may best conceve,  
 That have with perfect frendship loved, whose frend feerce death  
 dyd reve.  
 But whilst with piteous playnt they Romeus fate bewepe,  
 An howre too late fayre Juliet awaked out of slepe \*;

And

\* In the original Italian Novel Juliet awakes from her trance before the death of Romeo. Shakspeare has been arraigned for departing from it, and losing so happy an opportunity of introducing an affecting scene. He was misled, we see, by the piece now before us. The curious reader may perhaps not be displeased to compare the conclusion of this celebrated story as it stands in the *Giulietta* of Luigi da Porto, with the present poem. It is as follows :

" A questo ultimo pensiero sì gli fu la fortuna favorevole, che la sera del dì seguente, che la donna era stata seppellita, in Verona, senza esser da persona conosciuto, entrò, e aspettava la notte ; e già sentendo ogni parte di silenzio piena, al luogo de' frati Minori, ove l'arca era, si ridusse. Era questa Chiesa nella Citadella, ove questi frati in quel tempo stavono : e avvegnacchè dipoi, non sò come, lasciandola, venissero a stare nel borgo di S. Zeno, nel luogo, che ora santo Bernardino si noma, pure fu ella dal proprio santo Francesco già abitata : presso le mura della quale, dal canto di fuori, erano allora luoghi fuori delle chiese veggiamo : uno de' quali antica sepoltura de tutti e Cappelletti era, e nel quale la bella giovane si stava. A questo accostatosi Romeo, (che forse verso le quattro ore esser poteva) e come uomo di gran nerbo, che egli era, per forza il coperchio levatogli, e con certi legni che seco portati aveva, in modo puntellato avendolo, che contra sua voglia chiuder non si poteva, dentro vi entrò, e lo richiuse. Aveva seco il sventurato giovane recato una lume orba, per la sua donna alquanto vedere ; la quale, rinchiuso nell' arca, di subito tirò fuori e aperse. Et ivi la sua bella Giulietta tra ossa e stracci di molti morti, come morta vide giacere. Onde immantimente forte piagnendo, così cominciò : O occhi, che agli occhi miei foste, mentre al cielo piacque, chiare luci ! O bocca, da me mille volte sì dolcemente baciata, e dalla quale così saggie parole si udivano ! O belpetto che il mio cuore in tanta letizia albergasti ! ove

And much amasde to see in tombe so great a light,  
 She wist not if she saw a dreame, or sprite that walkd by night.  
 But cumming to her selfe she knew them, and said thus :  
 " What, fryer Lawrence, is it you ? where is my Romeus ?"  
 And then the auncient frier, that greatly stood in feare  
 Left if they lingred over long they should be taken theare,

In

io ora ciechi, muti, e freddi vi retrovo? Come senza voi veggo, parlo, o vivo? O misera mia donna, ove sei d' Amore condotta? il quale vuole che poco spazio due tristi amanti e spenga e alberghi? Oimè! questo non mi promise la speranza, e quel desio, che del tuo amore primieramente mi accesero. O sventurata mia vita, a che ti reggi? E così dicendo, gli occhi, la bocca, e'l petto le baciava, ogni ora in maggior pianto abbondando; nel qual diceva: O mura, che sopra mi state, perchè, addosso cadendomi, non fate ancor più breve la mia vita? Ma perciocche la morte in libertà di ogn' uno esser si vede, vilissima cosa per certo è desiderarla e non prenderla. E così l'ampolla, che con l'acqua velenosissima nella manica aveva, tirata fuori, parlando seguì: Io non so qual destino sopra miei nimici e da me morti, nel lor sepolchro a morire mi conduca; ma posciachè, o anima mia, presso alla donna nostra così giova il morire, ora moriamo: e postasi a bocca la cruda acqua nel suo petto tutta la ricevette. Dapoi presa l'amata giovane, nelle braccia forte stringendola, diceva: O bel corpo ultimo termine di ogni mio desio, se alcun sentimento dopo il partir dell' anima ti è restato, o se ella il mio crudo morir vede, priego che non le dispiaccia, che non avendo io teco potuto lieto e palese vivere, almen secreto e mesto teco mi muoja: e molto stretto tenendola, la morte aspettava.

Già era giunta l'ora, che il calor della giovane la fredda e potente virtù della polvere dovesse avere estinta, e ella svegliarsi; perchè stretta e dimenata da Romeo, nelle sue braccia si destò, e risentitasi, dopo un gran sospiro, disse: Oimè, ove sono? chi mi stringe? misera me! chi mi bacia? e credendo che questi frate Lorenzo fusse, gridò: A questo modo, frate, serbate la fede a Romeo? a questo modo a lui mi condurrete sicura?—Romeo la donna viva sentendo, forte si maravigliò, e forse di Pigmaliione ricordandosi, disse: Non mi conoscete, o dolce donna mia? Non vedete che io il tristo vostro sposo sono, per morire appo voi, da Mantova quì solo e secreto venuto? La Giulietta nel monumento vedendosi, e in braccio ad uno che diceva essere Romeo sentendosi, quasi fuori di sè stessa era, et da sè alquanto sospintolo, e nel viso guatatolo, e subito riconosciutolo, abbracciandolo, mille baci gli donò, e disse—Qual schiochezza vi fece quà entro, e con tanto pericolo, entrare? Non vi bastava per le mie lettere avere inteso, come io mi dovea, con lo aiuto di frate Lorenzo, finger morta, e che di breve farei stata con voi? Allora il tristo giovane, accorto del suo gran fallo, incominciò: Oh misera la mia sorte, oh sfortunato Romeo, oh vieppiù di tutti gli altri amanti dolorosissimo! io di ciò vostre lettere non ebbi: e quivi le raccontò, come Pietro la sua non vera morte per vera gli disse; onde credendola morta, aveva, per farle morendo compagnia,

ivi



In few plaine woordes the whole that was betyde, he tolde,  
 And with his finger shewd his corps out-stretched, stiffe, and  
 colde ;  
 And then perswaded her with pacience to abyde  
 This sodain great mischaunce ; and sayth, that he will soone pro-  
 vyde  
 In some religious house for her a quiet place,  
 Where she may spend the rest of lyfe, and where in time percase  
 She

ivi presso lei tolto il veleno : il quale, come acutissimo, sentiva che per tutte le membra la morte gli cominciava mandare.

La sventurata fanciulla questo udendo, sì dal dolore vinta restò, che altro che le belle sue chiome, e l'innocente petto batterfi e stracciarfi fare non sapeva : e a Romeo, che già resupino giacea, baciandolo spesso, un mare delle sue lagrime gli spargea sopra ; e essendo più pallida che la cenere divenuta, tutta tremante, disse— Dunque nella mia presenza e per mia cagione dovete, signor mio, morire ? E il Cielo concederà, che dopo voi (benchè poco) io viva ? Misera me ! almeno a voi la mia vita potessi io donare, e sola morire.

Al la quale il giovine con voce languida rispose—Se la mia fede e'l mio amore mai caro vi fu, viva speme mia, per quello vi priego, che dopo me non vi spiaccia la vita, se non per altra cagione, almen per poter pensare di colui, che del vostro amore preso, per voi, dinanzi a' bei vostri occhi, si muore. A questo rispose la donna—Se voi per la mia finta morte morite, che debbo io per le vostra non finta fare ? Dogliomi solo, che io qui ora dinanzi a voi non abbia il modo di morire, e a me stessa, perciocchè tanto vivo, odio porto ; ma io spero bene che non passerà molto, sì come stata sono cagione, così farò della vostra morte compagna :—e con fatica, queste parole finite, tramortita si cadde : e risentitasi, andava miseramente con la bella bocca gli estremi spirti del suo caro amante raccogliendo ; il qual verso il suo fine a gran passo camminava.

In questo tempo avea frate Lorenzo inteso, come e quando la giovane la polvere bevuta avesse, et che per morta era stata seppellita : e sapendo il termine esser giunto, nel quale le detta polvere la sua virtù finiva, preso un suo fidato compagno, forse un' ora innanzi al giorno all' arca venne. Alla qual giungendo e ella piagnere e dolersi udendo, per la fessura del coperchio mirando, e un lume dentro vedendovi, maravigliatosi forte, pensò che la giovane, a qualche guisa, la lucerna con essa lei ivi entro portata avesse, e che svegliata, per tema di alcun morto, o forse di non star sempre in quel luogo rinchiusa, si rammaricasse, e piagnesse in tal modo. E con l'aita del compagno prestamente aperta la sepoltura, vide Giulietta, la quale, tutta scapigliata e dolente, s'era in sedere levata, et il quasi morto amante nel suo grembo recato s'avea ; alla quale egli disse : Dunque temevi, figliuola mia, che io qui dentro ti lasciassi morire ? E ella il frate vedendo, e il pianto raddoppiando, rispose— Anzi temo io, che voi con la vita me ne traggiate. Deh, per la pietà di Dio, reserrate il sepolchro, e andatevene, in guisa che io qui mi muoja : ovvero porgetemi un coltello, che io nel mio petto ferendo, di doglia mi tragga. Oh padre mio, oh padre mio, ben mandaste la

She may with wifdome's meane meafure her mourning breft,  
 And unto her tormented foule call back exiled reft.  
 But loe, as foon as ſhe had caſt her ruthfull eye  
 On Romeus' face, that pale and wan faſt by her fide dyd lye,  
 Straight way ſhe dyd unſtop the conduites of her teares,  
 And out they guſhe ; —with cruell hand ſhe tare her golden heares.  
 But when ſhe neither could her ſwelling forow ſwage,  
 Ne yet her tender hart abyde her ſickenes' furious rage,  
 Falne on his corps ſhe lay long panting on his face,  
 And then with all her force and ſtrength the ded corps did embrace,

lettera! Ben farò io maritata! Ben me guidarete a Romeo. Vedetelo quì nel mio grembo già morto. E raccontandogli tutto il fatto, glielo mostrò. Frate Lorenzo queſte coſe udendo, come inſenſato ſi ſtava; e mirando il giovine, il qual per paſſare di queſta all' altra vita era, forte piagnendo, lo chiamò, dicendo: O Romeo, qual ſciagura mi t'ha tolto? parlami alquanto: drizza a me un poco gli occhi tuoi? O Romeo, vedi la tua cariffima Giulietta, che ti piega che la miri; perchè non reſpon-di almeno a lei, nel cui bel grembo ti giaci? Romeo al caro nome della ſua donna, alzò alquanto gli languidi occhi dalla vicina morte gravati, e vedutala, gli richiuſe: e poco dipoi per le ſue membra la morte diſcorrendo, tutto torcendofi, fatto un brieve ſoſpiro, ſi morì."

Morto nella guiſa che diſiſato vi ho il miſero amante, dopo molto pianto, già vicinandofi il giorno, diſſe il frate alla giovane—E tu Giulietta, che farai? la qual toſtamente riſpoſe—morrommi quì entro. Come, figliuola, diſſe egli, non dire queſto; eſci fuori, che quantunque non ſappia che di te farmi, pur non ti mancherà il rinchiuderti in qualche ſanto moniſtero, et ivi pregar ſempre Dio per te e per lo morto tuo ſpoſo, ſe biſogno ne ha. Al qual diſſe la donna: "Padre, altro non vi domando io che queſta grazia, la quale per lo amor che voi alla felice memoria de coſtui portate, (e moſtrogli Romeo) mi farete volentieri, e queſto ſie, di non far mai paleſe la noſtra morte: acciocchè gli noſtri corpi poſſano inſieme ſempre in queſto ſepolchro ſtare; et ſe per caſo il morir noſtro ſi riſapeſſe, per lo già detto amore, vi priego che i noſtri miſeri padri, in nome di ambo noi, vogliate pregare, che quelli, i quali Amore in uno ſteſſo fuoco arſe, e ad una iſteſſa morte condurſe, non ſia loro grave in uno iſteſſo ſepolchro laſciare. E voltataſi al giacente corpo di Romeo, il cui capo ſopra uno origliere, che con lei nell' arca era ſtato laſciata, poſto aveva, gli occhi meglio rinchiuſi avendogli, e di lagrime il freddo volto bagnandogli, diſſe—Che debbo io ſenza te in vita più fare, Signor mio? E che altro mi reſta verſo te, ſe non con la mia morte ſeguirti? niente altro certo: acciocchè da te, dal quale la morte ſolo mi poteva ſeparare, la iſteſſa morte ſeparare non mi poſſa. E detto queſto, la ſua gran ſciagura nell' animo recataſi, e la perdita del caro amante ricordandofi, deliberando di più non vivere, raccolto a ſè il fiato, e per bono ſpazio tenutolo, e poſcia con un gran grido fuori mandando, ſopra il morto corpo morta ricadde."



As though with fighes, with sobs, with force, and busy payne,  
She would him rayse, and him restore from death to lyfe agayne:  
A thousand times she kist his mouth, as cold as stone,  
And it unkist againe as oft; then gan she thus to mone:  
“ Ah pleasant prop of all my thoughts, ah onely grounde  
Of all the sweete delightes that yet in all my lyfe I founde,  
Did such assured trust within thy hart repose,  
That in this place and at this time, thy church-yard thou hast  
chose,

Betwixt the armes of me, thy perfect-loving make,  
And thus by meanes of me to ende thy life, and for my sake?  
Even in the flowring of thy youth, when unto thee  
Thy lyfe most deare (as to the most) and pleasant ought to bee,  
How could this tender corps withstand the cruell fight  
Of furious death, that wons to fray the stoutest with his sight?  
How could thy dainty youth agree with willing hart  
In this so fowle infected place to dwell, where now thou art?  
Where spitefull Fortune hath appoynted thee to bee  
The dainty foode of greedy wormes, unworthy fure of thee.  
Alas, alas, alas, what neded now anew  
My wonted sorowes, doubled twise, againe thus to renewe;  
Which both the time and eke my patient long abode  
Should now at length have quenched quite, and under foote have  
trode?

Ah wretch and caytive that I am, even when I thought  
To fynd my painfull passion's salve, I mytt the thing I sought;  
And to my mortall harme the fatal knife I grounde,  
That gave to me so depe, so wide, so cruell dedly wounde.  
Ah thou, most fortunate and most unhappy tombe!  
For thou shalt beare, from age to age, witnes in time to comme  
Of the most perfect leage betwixt a payre of lovers,  
That were the most unfortunate and fortunate of others;  
Receave the latter sigh, receave the latter pang,  
Of the most cruell of cruell slaves that wrath and death ay wrang.”  
And when our Juliet would continue still her mone,  
The fryer and the servant fled, and left her there alone;  
For they a sodayne noyse fast by the place did heare,  
And lest they might be taken there, greatly they stooode in feare.  
When Juliet saw her selfe left in the vaulte alone,  
That freely she might woorke her will, for let or stay was none,  
Then once for all she tooke the cause of all her harmes,  
The body dead of Romeus, and clasped it in her armes;  
Then she with earnest kisse sufficiently did prove,  
That more then by the feare of death, she was attaint by love;  
And then, past deadly feare, (for lyfe ne had she care)  
With hasty hand she did draw out the dagger that he ware.  
O welcome death, quoth she, end of unhappines,  
That also art beginning of assured happines,

Feare not to dart me nowe, thy stripe no longer stay,  
 Prolong no longer now my lyfe, I hate this long delaye;  
 For straight my parting sprite, out of this carkas fled,  
 At ease, shall finde my Romeus' sprite emong so many ded.  
 And thou my loving lord, Romeus, my trusty feere,  
 If knowledge yet doe rest in thee, if thou these woordes dost heer,  
 Receve thou her, whom thou didst love so lawfully,  
 That could alas! thy violent death, although unwillingly;  
 And therefore willingly offers to thee her gost,  
 To thend that no wight els but thou might have just cause to  
 bosse

Thinjoying of my love, which ay I have reserved  
 Free from the rest, bound unto thee, that hast it well deserved:  
 That so our parted sprites from light that we see here,  
 In place of endlesse light and blisse may ever live y-fere."

These said, her ruthlesse hand through gyrt her valiant hart:  
 Ah, ladies, helpe with teares to wayle the ladie's dedly smart!  
 She grones, she stretcheth out her limmes, she shuttes her eyes,  
 And from her corps the sprite doth flye;—what should I say? she  
 dyes.

The watchmen of the towne the whilst are passed by,  
 And through the grates the candle light within the tombe they  
 spy;

Whereby they did suppose inchaunters to be comme,  
 That with prepared instruments had opend wide the tombe,  
 In purpose to abuse the bodies of the ded,  
 Which, by theyr science' ayde abuse, do stand them oft in sted.  
 Theyr curious harts desyre the truth hereof to know;  
 Then they by certaine steppes descend, where they do synd be-  
 low,

In clasped armes y-wrapt the husband and the wyfe,  
 In whom as yet they seemd to see somme certaine markes of lyfe,  
 But when more curiously with leysure they did vew,  
 The certainty of both theyr deathes assuredly they knew:  
 Then here and there so long with carefull eye they fought,  
 That at the length hidden they found the murtherers;—so they  
 thought.

In dungeon depe that night they lodgde them under grounde;  
 The next day do they tell the prince the mischiefe that they  
 found.

The newes was by and by throughout the towne dyspred,  
 Both of the taking of the fryer, and of the two found ded.  
 Thether you might have seene whole households forth to ronne,  
 For to the tombe where they did heare this wonder straunge was  
 donne,

The great, the small, the riche, the poore, the yong, the olde,  
 With hasty pace do ronne to see, but rew when they beholde.

And



And that the murtherers to all men might be knowne,  
(Like as the murder's brute abroad through all the towne was  
blowne)

The prince did straight ordaine, the corfes that wer founde  
Should be fet forth upon a stage hye rayfed from the grounde,  
Right in the felfe fame fourme, shewde forth to all mens fight,  
That in the hollow valt they had been found that other night;  
And eke that Romeus' man and fryer Lawrence should  
Be openly examined; for els the people would  
Have murmured, or faynd there were some waighty cause  
Why openly they were not calde, and so convict by lawes.

The holy fryer now, and reverent by his age,  
In great reproche set to the shew upon the open stage,  
(A thing that ill beseemde a man of silver heares)  
His beard as whyte as mylke he bathes with great fast-falling  
teares :

Whom straight the dredfull judge commaundeth to declare  
Both, how this murther hath been donne, and who the murtherers  
are ;

For that he nere the tombe was found at howres unfitte,  
And had with him those yron tooles for such a purpose fitte.  
The frier was of lively sprite and free of speche,  
The judge's words appald him not, ne were his wittes to seeche.  
But with advised heed a while fyrst did he stay,  
And then with bold assured voyce aloud thus gan he say :  
“ My lordes, there is not one emong you, set togyther,  
So that, affection set aside, by wisdome he consider  
My former passed lyfe, and this my extreme age,  
And eke this heavy sight, the wreke of frantike Fortune's rage,  
But that, amased much, doth wonder at this chaunge,  
So great, so sodainly befallne, unlooked for, and straunge.  
For I that in the space of fixty yeres and tenne,  
Since fyrst I did begin, to soone, to lead my lyfe with men,  
And with the worlde's vaine thinges myselfe I did acquaint,  
Was never yet, in open place, at any time attaynt  
With any cryme, in weight as heavy as a rushe,  
Ne is there any stander by can make me gylty blushe ;  
Although before the face of God I doe confesse  
Myselfe to be the finfulst wretch of all this mighty presse.  
When readiest I am and likeliest to make  
My great accompt, which no man els for me shall undertake ;  
When wormes, the earth, and death, doe cyte me every howre,  
Tappeare before the judgment seate of everlasting powre,  
And falling ripe I steppe upon my grave's brinke,  
Even then, am I, most wretched wight, as eche of you doth thinke,  
Through my most haynous deede, with hedlong sway throwne  
downe,

In greatest daunger of my lyfe, and damage of renowne.

The

The spring, whence in your head this new conceite doth ryse,  
 (And in your hart increaseth still your vayne and wrong surmise)  
 May be the hugenes of these teares of myne, percase,  
 That so abundantly downe fall by eyther syde my face;  
 As though the memory in scriptures were not kept  
 That Christ our Saviour himselfe for ruth and pitie wept:  
 And more, who so will reade, y-written shall he fynde,  
 That teares are as true messengers of man's ungyilty mynde.  
 Or els, a liker prooffe that I am in the cryme,  
 You say these present yrons are, and the suspected time:  
 As though all howres alike had not been made above!  
 Did Christ not say, the day had twelve? wherby he fought to  
 prove,

That no respect of howres ought justly to be had,  
 But at all times men have the choyce of doing good or bad;  
 Even as the sprite of God the harts of men doth guyde,  
 Or as it leaveth them to stray from vertue's path asyde.  
 As for the yrons that were taken in my hand,  
 As now I deeme, I nede not seeke to make ye understand  
 To what use yron first was made, when it began;  
 How of it selfe it helpeth not, ne yet can hurt a man.  
 The thing that hurteth is the malice of his will,  
 That such indifferent thinges is wont to use and order yll.  
 Thus much I thought to say, to cause you so to know  
 That neither these my piteous teares, though nere so fast they  
 flowe,

Ne yet these yron tooles, nor the suspected time,  
 Can justly prove the murther donne, or damne me of the cryme:  
 No one of these hath powre, ne power have all the three,  
 To make me other than I am, how so I seeme to be.  
 But sure my conscience, if I so gylt deserve,  
 For an appeacher, witnesse, and a hangman, eke should serve;  
 For through mine age, whose heares of long time since were hore,  
 And credyt greate that I was in, with you, in time tofore,  
 And eke the sojorne short that I on earth must make,  
 That every day and howre do loke my journey hence to take,  
 My conscience inwardly should more torment me thrise,  
 Then all the outward deadly payne that all you could devyse.  
 But God I prayse, I feele no worme that gnaweth me,  
 And from remorses pricking sting I joy that I am free:  
 I meane, as touching this, wherewith you troubled are,  
 Wherewith you should be troubled still, if I my speche should spare,  
 But to the end I may set all your hartes at rest,  
 And pluck out all the scrupuls that are rooted in your brest,  
 Which might perhappes henceforth increasng more and more,  
 Within your conscience also increase your curelesse fore,  
 I sweare by yonder heavens, whither I hope to clym,  
 (And for a witnes of my woordes my hart attesteth him,

Whose



Whose mighty hand doth welde them in theyr violent sway,  
And on the rolling stormy seas the heavy earth doth stay)  
That I will make a short and eke a true dyscourse  
Of this most wofull tragedy, and shew both thend and fourse  
Of theyr unhappy death, which you perchaunce no lesse  
Will wonder at then they alas! poore lovers in distresse,  
Tormented much in mynd, not forcing lively breath,  
With strong and patient hart dyd yelde them selfe to cruell death:  
Such was the mutual love wherein they burned both,  
And of their promytt frendshippe's fayth so stedy was the troth."

And then the auncient fryer began to make discourse,  
Even from the first, of Romeus' and Juliet's amours;  
How first by sodayn fight the one the other chose,  
And twixt them selfe dyd knitte the knotte which onely death  
might lose;

And how, within a while, with hotter love opprest,  
Under confession's cloke, to him themselfe they have addrest;  
And how with solemne othes they have protested both,  
That they in hart are maried by promise and by othe;  
And that except he graunt the rytes of church to geve,  
They shal be forst by earnest love iu sinneful state to live:  
Which thing when he had wayde, and when he understoode  
That the agreement twixt them twayne was lawfull, honest, good,  
And all thinges peysed well, it seemed meet to bee  
(For lyke they were of noblenesse, age, riches, and degree);  
Hoping that so at length ended might be the stryfe  
Of Montagewes and Capelets, that led in hate theyr lyfe,  
Thinking to woorke a worke well-pleasing in God's fight,  
In secret shrift he wedded them; and they the selfe same night  
Made up the mariage in house of Capilet,  
As well doth know (if she be askt) the nurse of Juliet.  
He told how Romeus fled for reving Tybalt's lyfe,  
And how, the whilst, Paris the earle was offred to his wife;  
And how the lady dyd so great a wrong dysdayne,  
And how to shrift unto his church she came to him agayne;  
And how she fell flat downe before his feet aground,  
And how she sware, her hand and bloody knife should wound  
Her harmles hart, except that he some meane dyd fynde  
To dysfappoynt the earles attempt; and spotles save her mynde.  
Wherefore, he doth conclude, although that long before  
By thought of death and age he had refusde for evermore  
The hidden artes which he delighted in, in youth,  
Yet wonne by her importunenes, and by his inward ruth,  
And fearing lest she would her cruell vowe dyscharge,  
His closed conscience he had opened and set at large;  
And rather did he choose to suffer for one tyme  
His soule to be spotted somdeale with small and easy cryme,

Then

Then that the lady should, wery of livyng breath,  
 Murther her selfe, and daunger much her feely soule by death :  
 Wherefore his auncient artes agayne he puts in ure ;  
 A certaine powder gave he her, that made her slepe so sure,  
 That they her held for dead ; and how that fryer John  
 With letters sent to Romeus to Mantua is gone ;  
 Of whom he knoweth not as yet, what is become ;  
 And how that dead he found his frend within her kindred's tombe.  
 He thinkes with poyson strong, for care the yong man sterved,  
 Supposing Juliet dead ; and how that Juliet hath carved  
 With Romeus dagger drawne her hart, and yelded breath,  
 Desyrous to accompany her lover after death ;  
 And how they could not save her, so they were afeard,  
 And hidde themselfe, dreading the noyse of watchmen, that they  
 heard.

And for the prooffe of this his tale, he doth desyer  
 The judge to send forthwith to Mantua for the fryer,  
 To learne his cause of stay, and eke to read his letter ;  
 And, more beside, to thend that they might judge his cause the  
 better,

He prayeth them depose the nurce of Juliet,  
 And Romeus' man, whom at unawares besyde the tombe he met.

Then Peter, not so much, as erst he was, dismayd :  
 My lordes, quoth he, too true is all that fryer Laurence sayd.  
 And when my maister went into my mystres' grave,  
 This letter that I offer you, unto me he gave,  
 Which he him selfe dyd write, as I do understand,  
 And charged me to offer them unto his father's hand.  
 The opened packet doth conteyne in it the same  
 That erst the skilfull fryer said ; and eke the wretche's name  
 That had at his request the dedly poyson sold,  
 The price of it, and why he bought his letters playne have tolde.  
 The case unfolded so and open now it lyes,  
 That they could wish no better prooffe, save seeing it with theyr  
 eyes :

So orderly all thinges were tolde, and tryed out,  
 That in the prease there was not one that stode at all in doute,

The wyser sort, to counsell called by Escalus,  
 Have geven advice, and Escalus sagely decreeth thus :  
 The nurse of Juliet is banisht in her age,  
 Because that from the parentes she dyd hyde the mariage,  
 Which might have wrought much good had it in time been  
 knowne,

Where now by her concealing it a mischeefe great is growne ;  
 And Peter, for he dyd obey his master's hest,  
 In woonted freedome had good leave to leade his lyfe in rest :  
 Thapothecary high is hanged by the throte,  
 And, for the paynes he tooke with him, the hangman had his cote.

But



But now what shall betyde of this gray-bearded fyre,  
Of fryer Lawrence thus araynde, that good barefooted fryre?  
Because that many times he woorthily did serue  
The common welth, and in his lyfe was never found to swerue,  
He was discharged quyte, and no mark of defame  
Did seeme to blot or touch at all the honor of his name.  
But of himselfe he went into an hermitage,  
Two miles from Veron towne, where he in prayers past forth his  
age;

Till that from earth to heaven his heavenly sprite dyd flye:  
Fyve yeres he lived an hermite, and an hermite dyd he dye.  
The straungenes of the chaunce, when tryed was the truth,  
The Montagewes and Capelets hath moved so to ruth,  
That with their emptyed teares theyr choler and theyr rage  
Has emptied quite; and they, whose wrath no wisdom could af-  
swage,

Nor threatning of the prince, ne mynde of murthers donne,  
At length, (so mighty Jove it would) by pitye they are wonne.

And lest that length of time might from our myndes remove  
The memory of so perfect, sound, and so approved love,  
The bodies dead, removed from vaulte where they did dye,  
In stately tombe, on pillars great of marble, rayse they hye.  
On every syde above were set, and eke beneath,  
Great store of cunning epitaphes, in honor of theyr death.  
And even at this day the tombe is to be seene;  
So that among the monumentes that in Verona been,  
There is no monument more worthy of the sight,  
Then is the tombe of Juliet and Romeus her knight.

Imprinted at London in Fleete Strete within Temble  
barre, at the signe of the hand and starre, by  
Richard Tottill the xix day of November. An.  
do. 1562.

